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SATURDAY NIGHT

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THE CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY

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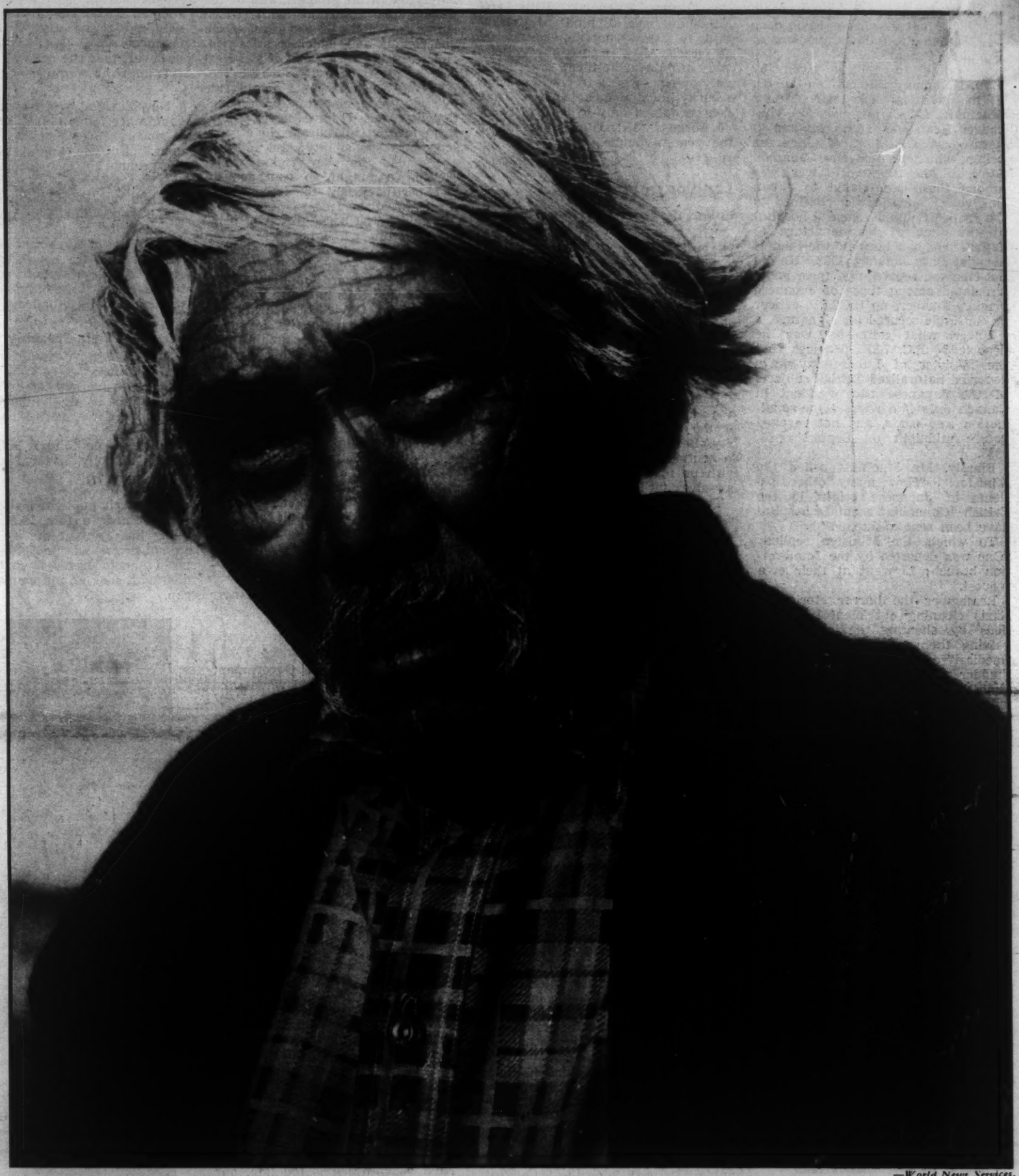
THE FRONT PAGE

This Strike Is Strategic

PUBLIC attention has been so strongly concentrated on the spectacular steel strike for the past few weeks that it has entirely overlooked what is potentially an even more important labor dispute in the chemical industry based on the salt deposits of Windsor, Ont., where the withdrawal from work of some four hundred men for over two months is rapidly leading to conditions which will close other industries employing perhaps hundreds of thousands, and ultimately deprive half the urban population of Canada of the chlorine without which its water supply is unfit to drink.

There are two reasons why this dispute has not been in the news. One is that it is still awaiting a report by the Regional Labor Board which inquired into it more than a month ago, and at the time of our going to press had not been heard from since. The other is that there is no violence, and very little hard feeling, in the dispute. The employing company has made no attempt to operate with non-union labor, and is most anxious to remain on good terms with its old employees; an amusing feature of the dispute is that the annual picnic, in which company officials and wage workers join in the most amicable relations, was held as usual in the middle of the strike, the men deserting the picket line for the day and returning to it on the morrow.

The core of the contention, on which the employers will not yield unless ordered to do so by government authority, is the demand of the union for the closed shop, which is not a demand that creates any great amount of feeling among the rank and file; and the strikers are understood to be being pretty well looked after by the union funds. Odd though it may appear, the union involved in this chemical strike is no other than the huge and powerful United Automobile Workers. It is always difficult to assess motives, but it does seem possible that the U.A.W. would not be so much interested in this unrelated bargaining unit if it were not for its strategic position and its ability to paralyze at will a vast section of Canadian industry.



Charles San Frere is typical of the ancient Indian patriarch seen today in the Northwest Territories. A member of the Hay River tribe of Great Slave Lake, his eyes and expression tell the whole story of the northern Indian's resignation, doubt and frustration, stamped withal with the philosophical attitude of the aged whose way of life has been changed by the white man's coming. **See pages 4 and 5.**

—*World News Services.*

Closed Shop Issue

THERE are good reasons why the Canadian public, and the Canadian government, should be taking a more lively interest in this dispute. Certain of the chemical elements which the plant produces are indispensable to, and irreplaceable for, the operations of a great number of other Canadian industries, including the pulp and paper industry, on which in turn the entire printing industry of the country and of a large part of the United States is dependent. These chemical elements are in short supply in the world at large, and because of their essential nature other countries will not part with them to make good a Canadian deficiency. (In an uncontrolled economy, of course, they could be obtained by bidding up the price, but we are not in that sort of an economy at the moment, and we shall not be so long as shortages of this kind continue to be common.)

The stock pile of these chemicals is not large, and is already coming close to exhaustion, and consumers are being held down to a minimum proportion of their past requirements. But a still more unfortunate factor in the situation is that the resumption of production will necessarily be slow, so that it may be a month or six weeks after the settlement of the dispute before supplies are again coming forward. The supply of chlorine to municipal waterworks is an obvious must, so that other users will be on short rations if not wholly unsupplied for a considerable time.

The real question in this dispute is a question which the Dominion Government, the Cabinet itself, or perhaps in the long run Parliament, will have to settle. It is the question whether the state can permit the productive operations of a large part of the country to be paralyzed by the demand for the closed shop. Acceptance of the closed shop—unless accompanied by certain restrictions upon the power of the union, which would have to be imposed by law—means the transfer of the power of selecting the workers from its present holder, the owner of the business, to the union. There are many obvious reasons why, in an industry like that of chemical products, such a transfer might be disastrous.

Welcome, Mr. Howe

MR. HOWE announced last week that he had changed his mind on the subject of the ownership of air lines by railway companies, and that the C.P.R. would not be required to divest itself of its interest in the various feeder lines which it has developed. We have always known that Mr. Howe was a good enough business man to be able to change his mind, and our only criticism has been that he was sometimes too slow in doing it. He was a bit slow about admitting the capacity of Canada to produce certain kinds of munitions in the early days of the war, and it has certainly taken him a long time to conclude that there are more reasons why a railway may make a good air line owner than why it shouldn't.

But we cannot help reminding Mr. Howe

(*Continued on Page Three*)

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DEAR MR. EDITOR

Prejudice Endangering Freedom; a House Owner's Hardships

Editor, SATURDAY NIGHT:

I WONDER if the Canadian people realize half of what is being done in their name to fellow-Canadians of Japanese descent?

According to replies given by Hon. Humphrey Mitchell on August 5 to questions asked by Angus MacInnis, C.C.F. member for Vancouver East, one Kosho Matano, a naturalized Canadian of Japanese origin, who served in the Canadian forces in the first world war, was among those repatriated to Japan this year. Matano was confined to the British Columbia mental hospital at the time of his departure to Japan. He had been in the mental hospital since January, 1933. He did not sign the repatriation form being circulated among those of Japanese origin. Further, no R.C.M.P. officer or constable secured his signature.

Under what authority was he deported? P.C. 7,355 provides that the Minister of Labor may have deported naturalized British subjects of the Japanese race resident in Canada *only if a request for repatriation was made*, and not revoked before midnight on September 1, 1945.

Finally, Mr. MacInnis asked the Minister: "How many other patients of Japanese origin in the British Columbia mental hospital have been sent to Japan?"

To which, the Minister replied: "One was deported by the Immigration branch; 15 went at their own request."

Remember the horror stories of Nazis cleaning out mental institutions by shooting the inmates, or gassing them, or using them for "medical" experiments? We used to shudder at such barbarism. Now, almost without a protest, we sent fellow-Canadians from mental institutions back to the chaos of Japan, and without a blush, announce that they went "at their own request."

Ottawa, Ont. DON C. MACDONALD

Wrong Word

Editor, SATURDAY NIGHT:

I PROTEST against the widespread and misleading phrase "Union Security." Press and radio should substitute the more accurate wording, "Union Monopoly." Hitler and Mussolini took all kinds of precautions to insure what they considered as security. Just as these precautions were of no avail to them, so a monopoly by employees can never provide security for the labor union. That can be gained only by a firm basis of fairness towards employers and the general public.

Hamilton, Ont. RUPERT O. MORSE

Landlord's Burden

Editor, SATURDAY NIGHT:

THE article in your issue of August 3, entitled "Renting is a Headache to Property Owners," by Jamieson Bone, is being heartily handclapped by long suffering landlords. My family own one of the older type apartment houses in Victoria. A rental court judge in refusing to consider (not dismissing) an application for readjustments of depression time rents, paid us the compliment of remarking that it had always had a reputation for being one of the best managed blocks in the city. Because we allowed low rents to continue where tenants had been with us for many years, we found ourselves "frozen."

The result was that we are now burdened with tenants who could well afford rents in line with those charged elsewhere, which are not pegged. I say burdened, because these tenants behave in a manner not in keeping with expectations, and we have no redress. The wrong people are being protected. Returned service men are paying exorbitant rents for hovels, while other landlords have well-kept premises frozen at ridiculously low figures. There still seems no way under the present system of obtaining justice for either tenant or landlord. Good tenants are being robbed. Others are taking advantage of laws which permit them to behave as they please as long as they please. It is up to the government to free property owners of an unbearable situation.

Victoria, B.C. G. MADELEINE READE

Mountain Heights

Editor, SATURDAY NIGHT:

JUST for the record (another way of saying "Not that it matters"), your front-page remark about Mt. Robson being Canada's highest peak (in the August 10 number) is about 7,000 feet short of the truth. Mt. Logan in the Yukon is the best we can do: according to my atlas it is 19,850 feet above sea level. There may be an error of a few feet either way, but who cares?

Mt. Robson isn't even the highest peak in British Columbia. Mt. Waddington, in the Coast Range, is 13,260 feet high as compared with Robson's 12,972. But most geographers and journalists forget that some of Mt. Fairweather is also in British Columbia. Its peak is on the boundary between B.C. and Alaska, *west* (surprisingly) of Skagway and reaches 15,287 feet. That is the highest you can get in B.C. if you really want to.

West Vancouver, B.C. DAVID BROCK

Irish Troubles

Editor, SATURDAY NIGHT:

THE only clear idea this subscriber was able to get from perusal of Mr. Chauvin's article on Eire (S.N. Aug. 10) was that two coreligionist Irish republican factions fought against each other "ferociously" in the name of the holy and undivided Trinity.

Hamilton, Ont. SENEX

The Slime of Prejudice

Editor, SATURDAY NIGHT:

IN A FRONT Page article (August 17 issue) you related the case of a Japanese Veteran of World War I who had been deprived of his land and most of the fruits of his thirty years' work, purely because of the anti-Japanese prejudices of some people in British Columbia and their political backers in other parts of Canada. This is just one of the many recent manifestations of racial prejudice and intolerance which is contrary to all the principles and rights inherent in this great Democracy. Consider the cases of Jewish and Indian people who have been denied work with reputable firms, purely on racial grounds, and of the unmitigated contempt with which many regard the Negro race. Such unchristian and undemocratic principles are the very basis of the Nazi doctrine of racial superiority.

During the last war I fought side by side with men of foreign nationality and I have never found them lacking in courage, loyalty or sense of responsibility; and yet they are denied the very rights which they have fought so courageously and pertinaciously to defend—that we might all be free.

Prejudice is borne of two principal factors. 1. Ignorance of the background and problems of the people, and 2. Fear that they might lower the standard of living, take our jobs and thus interfere with our way of life. Obviously, education is the only solution to the former—only thus can an understanding and reconciliation be brought about between citizens of different race and background to our own. As regards the latter, I shall only say that these people do not wish a lower standard of living if they can be accorded a higher one. Furthermore, as Canadian citizens they have an equal right to work; that they might employ their knowledge and skill to the betterment of the community. I don't think we quite realize the great economic and cultural contributions rendered to this country by Canadian citizens of foreign extraction.

Toronto, Ont. IAN WESTMACOTT

Belgium and Inflation

Editor, SATURDAY NIGHT:

BELGIUM'S Socialist Government is holding prices and wages and is checking inflation by a unique system of subsidies. Realizing that purchasing power is inadequate, it has issued consumer credits in the form of vouchers direct to workers, dependents and pensioners — which supplement wages and other income. These are in sheets divided into periods so that the amount of credits can be regulated month by month as the economic situation justifies. They cannot be banked, invested or transferred but must be used to buy goods. The retailer cashes them at his bank to pay the producers. The plan is distinctive in that the credits are not created by the government but borrowed from the National Bank. Industry is to repay the loan and interest over a period of 15 years by a tax equivalent to 1½ per cent of the wages paid to employees.

Eventually all subsidies must be paid by the consumer. Their virtue lies in minimizing inflation by spreading present excessive costs thinly over a longer period of time. Our government has dropped numerous subsidies, loading the cost on the consumer and in other ways has allowed living costs to rise 5 per cent during the past few months.

Next year, which is too late, our purchasing power is to be increased by lowering income taxes. Who knows what the economic needs of the country will be then?

The alternative to subsidies and tax-reductions is wage boosts which are extremely inflationary. Notwithstanding the wishful thinking of communists who say that wage increases come out of profits, wage boosts raise prices and leave the employee in the hole. Since manufactured factory costs of an article are less than half the retail selling price (the balance goes for distribution), a $100 wage increase costs the consumer $200. This calls for a further pay boost and another price rise, etc. etc. *ad infinitum*. And at the other end of the extra wage dollar Mr. Ilsley slices off about 25 per cent tax. Equally as foolish are those who likewise think that because the people have accumulated considerable savings inflation should be retarded by draining off purchasing power.

Hanover, Ont. JOHN W. GILBERT

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Passing Show

By S. P. TYLER

A LADY commentator at the Paris conference writes that she was thrilled by the omen of a black cat walking across the floor of the chamber. We can't help feeling, however, that the cat was somewhat premature in coming out of the bag.

•

New Zealand delegate at the Paris conference: "I'm sick of listening to quack, quack, quack, hour after hour." But who knows, this may be the prelude to some sort of egg.

•

While our sympathy goes out to the Toronto landlord knocked unconscious by an unknown thug who robbed him of some rent he had just collected, we are bound to say that every time our landlord collects the rent on our three-room apartment, we feel equally stunned.

•

Plain Speaking

Dr. Simon Alexandrov of the Soviet Union:

"I do not know whether we have an atomic bomb right now. Perhaps we have, perhaps we have not."

On the other hand, it is likely that this is unlikely, if any, whether or not.

•

The much publicized story of the dog trained to talk like a human being has aroused the ire of many animal lovers, who feel that the poor beast should never have been saddled with such an unfortunate handicap.

A medical column advises a reader who shies at meeting people to take a greater interest in the happenings of the outside world. Evidently a condition calling for a really drastic remedy.

•

It is possible that the Detroit citizen who recently ordered for himself a coffin lined with asbestos is planning to avoid the consequences of a misspent life.

•

Natives of St. Andrews, Scotland, are no longer allowed the privilege of free golf on the famous Royal and Ancient course, unless under fourteen. Many old-timers intend to sidestep the regulations by claiming to have entered their second childhood.

•

Bolt From The Blue

An Amos boy, walking along a street completely empty of traffic, was knocked down by a descending helicopter. For pedestrians of the machine age, this is the last mechanized straw.

•

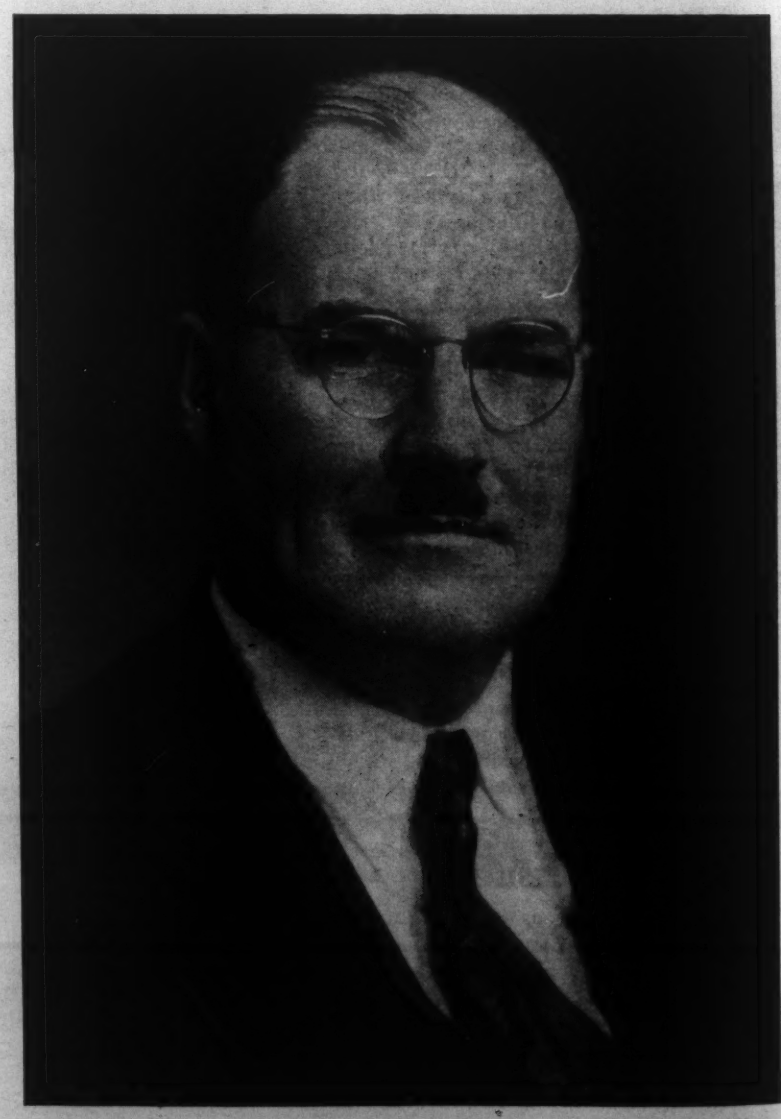
Britishers, says a Reuter's message, are to have more news next year, when newspapers will be increased from eight pages to ten. There seems to be no end to the British capacity for endurance and longsuffering.

•

No doubt the chief item for discussion at the next medical convention will be the recent alarming news that every Canadian will be able to have a daily apple next year.

•

A prominent Hollywood movie producer declares that he doesn't know how a film will turn out until it is finished. This should give him some encouragement to go on with it.



Walter Adam Tucker, new leader of the Liberal party in Saskatchewan, C.C.F. stronghold, now faces the hardest struggle of his career, for the ability of the Liberals to reverse the recent trend against them in the Prairies may have direct bearing on their fate in the next federal election. Born at Portage la Prairie in 1899, Tucker was a gold medalist from the University of Manitoba at 18 and, after serving in World War I, obtained a Law degree at the University of Saskatchewan. His first connection with politics came in the federal election of 1921 when he campaigned for the Progressives. But later he decided that his left-of-centre ideas had more chance of promotion in the ranks of the Liberals, and since 1935 has represented them at Resthern. One of his biggest parliamentary battles was for the outright ownership and control of the Bank of Canada by Parliament. After enlisting in World War II in 1942, Walter Tucker returned to the House in 1944, where he has served as parliamentary assistant to the Minister of Veterans' Affairs, and as chairman of the special committee on pensions and re-establishment. Mr. Tucker has 9 children.

The Front Page

(*Continued from Page One*)

that when we held the view which he now holds, and he didn't, he accused us of doing so merely because we were the paid hirelings—we forget the exact language, but that was definitely the idea—of the C.P.R. We shall not retaliate by asking him whether he has now joined the ranks of the paid hirelings, but we are going to suggest that that is not only a poor but a dangerous kind of argument for a Minister of the Crown to use. It may well have been the high authority provided by Mr. Howe, that led the *United Church Observer* to answer our arguments in favor of certain tolerant and practicable methods of dealing with the alcoholic beverage problem by calling us the paid hirelings of the brewers and distillers. We do not of course expect the *Observer* to find itself in the embarrassment which Mr. Howe must feel when he looks back on these utterances, for the *Observer* has no responsibility for administering the affairs of the nation and can therefore stick to any line of doctrine no matter how illogical or impractical. But the whole practice of imputing dishonesty to one's opponents without a shred of proof does no good to the processes of democratic government.

IN A HALIFAX GRAVEYARD

HERE are the dead, long dead
In sunken old graves, and vaults
Under old stones.
Here is their dust and here are their bones.
Here, of their buttons and swords
And headlong desires, is the rust.

Unheeded, they lie unheeding,
Row upon row;
Utterly still, who were restless:
Nerveless, who quivered with life.
Here lie Christopher Brown and Clementina, his wife.
Here sleeps Elspet, beloved of Nicholas Finlay.
Colonel Huxley rests here, done with inspecting Militia.
Here is William De Courcy, first class volunteer,
Who died of fever, at sea, in his seventeenth year.

We smile at the crooked stones,
As we pass in the street,
With never a thought for the dust
And earth and rust and bones—
In the pride of our restless feet.
But are we so alive, who are quick?
And are they so done, who are dead?
Are we who go by in the street—
So proud of our pulses and breath
And so lively of eyes and feet—
Are we the quick or the dead?

THEODORE GOODRIDGE ROBERTS

Job for the Senate

THE Commons Committee on Labor Relations did not settle the steel strike, and nobody in his senses can have expected that it would, but it did shed a lot of useful light on labor relations in general, which will help in the very necessary task of overhauling and modernizing the law on that subject. (It is a necessary task, because the whole concept of the nature of the relationship has been radically changed during the war, and parts of that change have been hastily and inconsiderately embodied in the law without waiting to elaborate the other parts which should have accompanied them. The changes made have been entirely those demanded by the officers of the labor organizations, and have ignored the resultant needs for other changes in the interests of the union members, their non-union fellow-workers, the employers, and the society as a whole.)

At the same time the Commons Committee is not the ideal parliamentary body to make this inquiry. Its members are too much concerned about the effect of what they do and recommend upon the interests of their respective parties. A similar Committee of the Senate, with the special powers which could be granted it (of sitting during the vacation, of compelling testimony and production of documents, etc.) would have been vastly more effective, because of the independence of the Senate from political affiliation and from the necessity of facing re-election. A year or more ago we recommended the setting up of such a Committee, which, had it been provided, could have done all of the work just done, so belatedly, by the House Committee, and done it in time to be of some use in heading off the impasse which has been allowed to develop because nobody was doing anything.

The Senate is capable of being an extremely valuable part of the machinery of government, but its value will not be developed so long as it confines itself mainly to the revising of Commons legislation. It should initiate, and even more importantly it should inquire into the problems about which there is need for new policies. It has done a splendid job on Immigration, a job which neither the Government, the Commons nor the country will be able to ignore. It could do the same in many other fields, of which labor relations is at the moment far the most pressing. The House Committee has merely tickled the surface of a quarter of the field.

VICIOUS CIRCLE IN THE RUHR

Copyright in All Countries

Here Comes the Bride

TALKING about funerals again, we see that Ottawa civic authorities have decided to put a stop to the continuous tooting of automobile horns by the processions which accompany a newly wedded pair from the ceremony to the house of the bride's parents, or the train, or wherever it may be that they go. If Ottawa can do it any city can do it, and it sounds to us like a thing that ought to be done.

The automobile horn was invented and attached to the vehicle for the purpose of communicating news of its approach to people in front of it, and should be used only when needed for that purpose. No purpose whatever is served by continuous tooting by the bridal party, except the enjoyment of the tooters; and if people who enjoy tooting are permitted to toot continuously at weddings they will ultimately begin to toot continuously at christenings, Sunday School picnics, golf tournaments, meetings of the Canadian Manufacturers' Association or the Canadian Authors' Association, and just plain ordinary binges. There is already far too much tooting, and there will be more if it is not suppressed. Let it be suppressed, toot sweet.

On Butting In

IN THE present extremely uncertain state of international relations it would surely be much better if Canadians refrained from expressing, in their capacity as Canadians of one sort or another, any views as to the desirability or otherwise of changes in the boundaries or the governments of existing sovereign states, unless such changes are actually up for consideration by the United Nations and the government of Canada is therefore called upon to form an opinion on what should be done. In that event the expressions of such Canadians should be addressed to Ottawa and not to anybody else.

The Council of Canadian South Slavs has been memorializing the British and Canadian governments on the present difficulties about Yugoslavia, placing the whole blame for these difficulties on the English-speaking nations. At the same time Mr. Drew, as Premier of Ontario, has been assuring the anti-Communistic Ukrainians of this province that it is his desire that the Ukraine should some day cease to be an autonomous republic of the U.S.S.R. Nobody, we presume, would suggest that such expressions should be prohibited in this free and democratic country; but it is open to any of us to feel that it would be better if the utterers of these expressions refrained from uttering them. If they possessed any special knowledge, any light which they could shed, upon the thorny problems involved, the thing would be different. But unfortunately about ninety-nine per cent of these expressions are due entirely to the feelings of the utterer on the primary issue of Communism versus Capitalism, and to his conviction that that issue can only be settled in the long run by armed conflict.

It is no doubt as inevitable that Ukrainians and Yugoslavians who have settled in Canada should have strong views about the destinies of their former countries, as it was in the old days that Irishmen who had similarly settled here should have strong views about Home Rule and Partition. But the fact remains that—always excepting questions which are properly before the United Nations, of which Canada is a member,—the relations of Great Britain, the United States, the U.S.S.R. and China with one another and with other nations are the business of those countries, and not the business of Canada, and that the opinions of individual Canadians about them are not of any special value to the world at large.

Emigration Fallacy

THE Dominion Statistician, Mr. Herbert Marshall, in his evidence before the Senate Standing Committee on Immigration and Labor (whose admirable Report has just become public), used an expression which is unfortunately capable of being understood in very different senses from that which he himself would perhaps want to attach to it. It is the expression "population increase . . . which . . . could not be absorbed." It occurs several times in his very able account of the population movements into and out of Canada since 1870, and it will be interpreted by a good many people as having reference to some implied law of nature or economic process, by which a limit was set to the total net increase of population possible to Canada in any given decade, such that even if there had been a million more immigrants in that decade the net result would have been merely to add another million to the emigrants from Canada to the United States.

In one paragraph, indeed, Mr. Marshall does state a limited absorption capacity in Canada as an established and independent fact: "It is obvious that in the past immigrants were allowed to enter in numbers far beyond the capacity of Canada to absorb them. Even in the period when our absorptive capacity was greatest"—he means no more than the period in which we did actually absorb most, which is not quite the same thing—"the number of immigrants was 37 per cent beyond our capacity of absorption."

Now we believe this to be an extremely fallacious, and if so an extremely dangerous, doctrine. It assumes that emigration from Canada to the United States is actually *caused* by the arrival of "unabsorbable" immigration,—that if the immigrants did not arrive the emigrants would not emigrate. There is no proof for that view, and the circumstances are all against it. The emigrants are not the same kind of people economically, socially, even racially, as the immigrants. Far from being driven out by the competition of the immigrants, the emigrants are largely the kind of people who would make money out of the immigrants, and it is highly probable that if there had been more immigrants there would have been fewer emigrants. For the emigrants are not, in the main, the "primary" workers—farmers, miners, fishermen and so forth. They are the somewhat better educated people who, because of having been longer under North American influences, are fitted for the better-paid tasks of the skilled factory hand, the white-collar jobs and the higher professions.

Nobody suggests that the migration of the young members of old Canadian families from the rural parts to the cities is the result of inability of the rural parts to "absorb" them. It is the result of better opportunities available to educated and fully assimilated people in the cities. (There are rural parts which cannot maintain even the population already in them because they should never have been taken out of timber or grazing, but that is not the general reason of rural depopulation.) The movement to the United States is of exactly the same kind. It is a movement of the abler and more North Americanized part of the Canadian population to places where the qualities of ability and adaptation to the environment are more productive than they are in Canada. And it is highly probable that if the total productive power of Canada were materially increased by a sharp increase of population, there would be less difference between the opportunities offered to such people in the States and those offered in Canada. Without immigration we might find ourselves with more emigration (so far as the Americans will accept us) than ever.

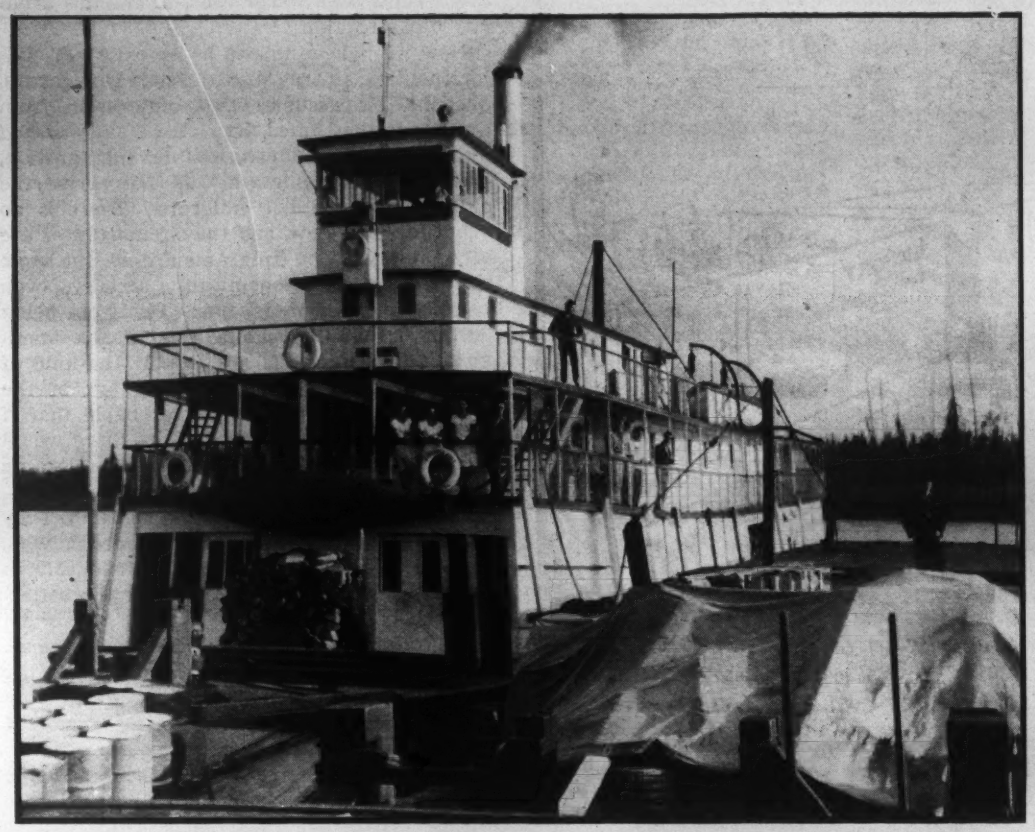
There Is Penology

THE announcement of a Canadian Congress on Penal Reform to be held at Windsor on the sixth and seventh of October, fulfills a suggestion made by this paper many months ago in a discussion of the appalling out-of-dateness of the Canadian prison system, and the astonishing failure of the Government to carry out any of the recommendations of the Archambault Report of 1938. That Report revealed a state of things which no Canadian can contemplate with complacency. It showed that in comparison with practically any other progressive country which may be examined, Canada in regard to her prison system is inhumane, extravagant in the waste of both human and financial resources, and appallingly unjust in her failure to distinguish between those whose criminality is the inevitable result of their circumstances, and those who are inclined to crime by innate tendency.

The whole achievement of modern psychology and psychiatry, which has revolutionized the penal methods of most other advanced countries, has passed over Canada's head without the slightest effect; our penal system is precisely what that of Great Britain was in 1846 and even a good deal earlier. There is scarcely any attempt at segregation, the very first requirement of any detention system which has the slightest interest in reforming those of whom it has charge. There is no such thing as a requirement of some scientific knowledge of penology for the holding of any post whatever in the prison system; if any wardens and senior guards have any it is a pure accident. There is no means of training prospective prison officials in penology. There is no recognition anywhere in the system that such a thing as penology exists.

In all probability there is very little recognition among the citizens of Canada that such a thing as penology exists, or they would scarcely have tolerated the present condition of things so long. The Congress should at least awaken the more alert of them to the fact that their country is disgrac[illegible] of the civilized wor[illegible] blending of peoples.

Northland's Infinite, Neglected Potential



Arrival of the Hudson's Bay Company's valiant little stern paddle-wheeler, pushing three heavily-loaded barges "down north", is an integral part of the life and struggle of Canada's north. At each stage the population lines up for the big landing.

John and Margaret Nadiye, Slavey Indians of Ft. Simpson, allow themselves to be photographed while awaiting the boat. John is fascinated by such procedure, but Margaret's life-long sadness and submission are unchanged by the advent of a camera.

Jo Ann Edwards of Aklavik has worked her baby-belt with bright yarns owing to bead shortage. Jo's teeth show signs of the old method of chewing oiled hides to make them pliable for clothing.

In her early teens, this young mother shows less timidity posing thus than for a conventional picture. And she is very much married, if a wedding ring on each hand is any indication.

Story by
Julia Christensen

"THE boat's coming!" At any dock, wharf or landing in the waterways of the world, this shout from ashore is the flash that electrifies the waterfront with high-tension excitement. But to hear and see this impact on the isolated settlements of the great Mackenzie River Basin in the Canadian north, is to feel that nowhere could "The boat's coming!" be charged with emotional currents of higher voltage.

For here the boat is literally *the* boat. Not just *a* boat or just another boat; but the first boat of the year and probably the only one. Owing to the short navigation season, its arrival in June or July means food, supplies, clothing and equipment for twelve months.

Thus, the waterways and the old stern paddle-wheelers and their flat-bottomed barges are, in the absence of roads and railways, determining factors in the kind of life and people produced throughout the vast basin of the Mackenzie River, unexploited Mississippi of the Canadian north.

"THE boat's in!" Little wonder the whole population of each settlement assembles to watch this biggest and most significant event of the year. Whatever the name of the dozen or more settlements in the 1,800 miles between railhead and Arctic Ocean, when the boat arrives the scene along the river banks is essentially the same.

The attention of the thinking passenger from "up south" is divided between impressions both stimulating and disturbing: The role of Hudson's Bay Company posts and Royal Canadian Mounted Police stations; the work being done by the schools, hospitals and churches of Anglican and Catholic Missions; the neglected potential of natural resources crying out for development in this so-called Land of the Last Frontier—minerals, oil, furs, fish, farm lands, hydro-electric power, tar sands, peat, salt, hides; limitless space and opportunities for rehabilitation of the overcrowded homeless, devastated peoples of the world; and the comparative absence of national concern for the future of Canadian growth and strength lying dormant but demanding in the Northwest Territories.

Mostly, however, does one's interest concentrate on the people. Those who already live in these million square miles with only one or two boats a year from the outside world. Those who have built what is thus far builded in these scarcely more than charted areas.

What do they do? They are prospectors, geologists, fur traders, mechanics, pilots and merchants. They are priests and ministers; nuns and doctors and nurses. They are navigators, dock hands, miners, dredgemen, meteorologists. And they are

...ost, No. 52 ...ift, of the R.C.M.P., checks in ...e Ft. Providence station.

Mrs. Ancota, Indian craftswoman, makes fish nets on the porch of her Ft. Good Hope shack.

At the Ft. Smith Mission Hospital. X-ray work is of the utmost importance as the majority of Indians have tuberculosis in varying degrees.

May Hold Key to Canada's Future Greatness

Classroom scene in Ft. Fitzgerald School, the last public school in northern Canada. From here north the only schools are those of Catholic and Anglican church missions. Note the types of children, French Canadian, English, Indian, half-breed, etc.

At Ft. Simpson, the only running water is in the Mackenzie River. William Antin (above) works for the Hudson's Bay Company as a water carrier. The back-saving yoke device originated with the Slavic immigrants who came to Canada many decades ago.

Pictures by George Zuckerman

trappers, teachers, fishermen, company agents and "Mounties."

And who are these people on shore? Englishmen, Scotchmen, French Canadians, Americans, Ukrainians, Slavs, Eskimos and Indians. But they are all Canadians. Canadians with vision and courage and hope; with dreams and faith and realism. Canadian frontiersmen who believe in Canada's ultimate Great Tomorrow. They are a credit to the Dominion and to the world. And the last named of these, the Indians, are the first citizens of Canada, the original Canadians.

From all these, and out of the conditions under which they live and work and build, there is evolving a new Canadian of the north. Inter-racial marriages and intermingling cultures and customs are producing a new race of people, who may one day come to be known as the "Mackenzians." They will have a rich heritage.

Indians still constitute the major section of northern populations, and as such command major notice. They are a proud people with a proud share in the past and future of Canada. Their contribution toward developments in the Mackenzie region has been invaluable. And to this day, navigation here depends on the Indian pilot. He alone can read the treacherous, ever-changing waters. Without him, transportation would be defeated by the River at an incalculable loss of life, dollars and progress.

Indians have always taught the white man how to cope with northern dangers and master the elemental obstacles here imposed by Nature. And they have kept alive their cultural investment in Canadian folk music, dance, legend and craft, born of the soil and woods and waters of this land. They have done much, as much as Canada has let them. They could do much more.

"THE boat's gone!" But hope springs eternal in the breast of the north. Perhaps next year's boat will bring evidence of Ottawa's re-awakened awareness, which galvanized the Mackenzie forces into global recognition during the war.

And perhaps the impassioned appeal of Big White Owl, who appeared in Ottawa last month on behalf of Canada's 126,000 Indians, will have helped bring in the proposed new Indian Magna Carta.

Speaking before one of the numerous 1946 sessions of the Senate and House of Commons joint committee, appointed to examine and reconsider the infamous Indian Act of 1868, Big White Owl, Jasper Hill of Toronto, closed his plea thus: "There are many distinctions which I could claim for my people, but I am content to conclude with just this one:

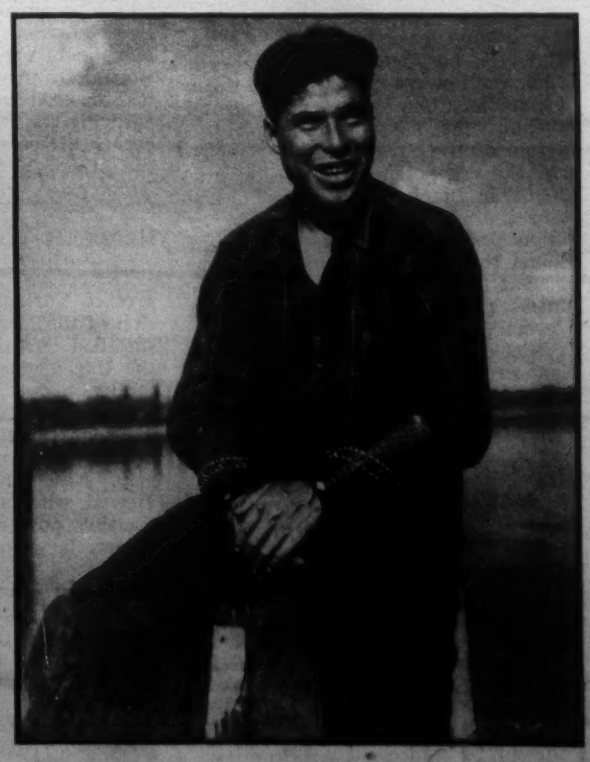
'The history of America began with us.'"

This picture of a 69-year-old Indian squaw at Ft. Good Hope looks more like an old warrior chieftain masquerading as a "female impersonator." Most old Indian women are pipe smokers.

Frank Morrisey, in front of his "summer home" at Ft. Wrigley, is not as lazy as he looks. He builds log cabins and repairs canoes in summer, and in winter goes back to the bush to trap.

Indian mother and her child snatch some sleep on the S.S. Athabaska River, on the way from Chipewyan to Ft. Fitzgerald to see Mission doctor.

Sanie McKay, 86, Hay River Indian, portrays the hopelessness of an ancient Indian Squaw.



Phillip Rouge, Ft. Providence, one of the new Canadians evolving from north's blending of peoples.

Russia Aims at Major Dardanelles Control

By SCRUTATOR

Russia's latest demands on Turkey are for a new plan of control of the Bosphorus and Dardanelles. The arrangement would convert Turkey, as well as Rumania and Bulgaria, into a permanent vassal of the Soviet Union. The Soviet demands are here examined by the well-known British foreign affairs analyst who writes under the pseudonym of Scrutator.

Last week the U.S. rejected these demands by a note from the State Department, while both U.S. and British officials were reported to be advising Turkey to offer strong resistance to any Russian encroachment. Two days later Turkey too rejected the Soviet proposals.

London.

THE Soviet Note to Turkey proposing a revision of the control of the Bosphorus and Dardanelles brings to the front one of the major problems of diplomacy. Delivered on August 8 and published in Moscow the next week, the Note had been preceded by a long "war of nerves" directed by Russia against Turkey in order to extort her surrender.

How much effect these threats have had on Turkey it is hard to judge. No one doubts her repugnance to the Russian proposals. But equally no one supposes that she could stand up alone against actual war; and the determining factor will be the backing, if any, that she continues to receive from Great Britain and the United States.

Last week the U.S. rejected the Soviet demand, in a communication sent to the Russian government through its Washington embassy, as a bid for complete domination of the Dardanelles. The note was made public by the State Department. U.S. officials regard the real issue as the independence of Turkey and beyond that the sovereignty of Iraq, Iran, Afghanistan and other countries on the borders of India and possibly China.

In Ankara, British and American diplomats were reported to be making clear to Turkish officials that they might expect the full backing of the U.S. and Britain to Turkey in resisting any Russian encroachment to that country's domain.

Two days after the U.S. reply, Turkey officially rejected the Soviet plan. A broadcast by the Ankara radio said: "The Soviet proposals are incompatible with the national sovereignty of Turkey and its unfettered security."

But let us consider what the Soviet Note asks. Its five paragraphs embody three effective demands. The first is that passage of the Straits should be permitted to warships of Black Sea Powers and denied to those of non-Black Sea Powers. The second is that "the establishment of the régime of the Straits" must "constitute the competence of Turkey and the other Black Sea Powers". The third is that "Turkey and the Soviet Union" should "organize by joint means the defence of the Straits to prevent their use by other States for purposes hostile to the Black Sea Powers".

Who are the "Black Sea Powers"? Apart from Turkey there are three — Russia, Rumania and Bulgaria. The last two being now Russia's vassals, the above phrase in fact means Russia, and the list of demands is really this: (1) Russian warships to have passage to the Black Sea; (2) Russia and Turkey to determine the régime of the Straits and nobody else to have a voice in it; (3) Russia to have a base or bases in the Straits, and "organize their defence" by "joint means" with Turkey. The arrangement is obviously one which would convert Turkey, as well as Rumania and Bulgaria, into a permanent vassal of the Soviet Union. Her independence could not continue.

But last week Moscow tried to allay apprehension by a radio broadcast. It said that the Soviet proposals for joint defence of the Dardanelles were not meant to violate Turkish sovereignty or territorial integrity.

Map Changer

Whatever one's reaction to such a program, nobody can dispute its importance. If realized, it would mean a big change in the map of the world's forces. In the 19th century we fought one war and risked another in order to prevent it happening. It is true that in the 1914-18 war, when Czarist Russia was our ally and Turkey our enemy, we were willing to concede the Straits, if thereby we could stiffen our ally's resolution.

But in the sequel the Czarism collapsed and Russia made peace with the enemy inside a framework of German domination. When the Western Allies had beaten that domination down and made peace on a free footing possible, the Bolshevik Government, that had succeeded to power in Russia, did not want the Straits.

The solution then adopted was internationalization. Later, during the decline of the League of Nations, Turkey (in 1936) obtained the Convention of Montreux; which made her once more the Straits' guardian and allowed her to re-fortify them, but otherwise left things little altered. Under it no warships except Turkish were allowed during war or threat of war to traverse the Straits in either direction, but there was free passage for merchantmen of all nations. The importance of keeping foreign warships out of the Straits had been sufficiently demonstrated to the Turks themselves in 1914; when the guns of the German battle-cruiser Geoben, trained at short range on Constantinople, had helped force Turkey join with Germany.

During the recent war Turkey, a neutral, exercised her Montreux powers neutrally. There were some complaints from Russia that in certain instances vessels, to which the Turks had given passage as merchantmen, had blossomed out into warships in the Black Sea. But that was a metamorphosis which it was almost impossible to prevent once the Germans had secured (as they so quickly did) refitting bases on the Black Sea coasts. It certainly does not deserve the stress laid on it in the Soviet Note.

Revision Welcomed

The rejection note from Ankara expressed Turkish willingness for revision of the Montreux Convention and signified Turkish willingness to grant the U.S. a voice in the future of the straits.

Taking the Note's three demands in order, the first may be considered as of less importance now than formerly. Naval men in the 19th century viewed with alarm the prospect of Russia's possessing in the Black Sea a very large private water inaccessible to others; where she could produce and practice new naval units, and sally with them at any time through the Straits against the flank of our communications with India. Aircraft, however, have considerably modified this.

During the 1914-18 war Germany possessed (thanks to the Kiel Canal) a similar private water in the Baltic; and she gained greatly by it. During 1939-45 she again possessed it but gained much less. The reason was that in World War II British aircraft were able to fly over it, to photograph German activities on it, to mine its channels, to bomb its ships and shipyards; and all this at a time when, owing to the new danger to naval units in "narrow waters", we should never have ventured our own surface units there, even if the way had been open.

Determined by Aircraft

The first of the Soviet's demands then seems one not inadmissible in all circumstances. It is true it might enable Russian ships, Goeben-like, to put pressure on Constantinople. But Instanbul (to give it the name preferred by the Turks) is no longer the capital of Turkey; and conditions might be imposed forbidding a passing warship to stay. Otherwise the Black Sea and the Aegean alike now rank as "narrow waters"; and future supremacy in them will be determined not by ships, but by suitably based aircraft.

The two other demands are much more difficult. They connote the subjugation of Turkey in preparation for another world war. Demand No. 2 would leave Russia alone with her victim, after excluding all those other nations which for a century past have in treaty after treaty been recognized as having a right to be heard in the statute-making for this international thoroughfare.

Demand No. 3 would rivet actual military fetters on the victim's wrist. The Soviet Note, it is true, avows the policy of keeping open the Straits to merchantmen of all nations. But once the Western Powers were excluded from council and Russia sat fortified by the Bosphorus, what reason is there to suppose that freedom for our merchantmen would survive any more than it survives today along the Russian-controlled Danube?

Grave as are these considerations, a graver one lies behind. This is an offensive policy, a military policy; and nothing else; it consists in seizing a vantage position from which to wage war. But what war does Soviet Russia expect to wage? Certainly not one launched by Great Britain or the U.S., whom her statesmen know to be the least bellicose powers in the world. By whom, then, if not by herself?

The Russian "urge" for Bosphorus has by no means been continuous in modern times. From Peter the Great onwards it has been one of the hallmarks of Russia's aggressive moods. The non-aggressive phases have not displayed it. Notably, as we have seen, the original Bolshevik leadership under Lenin and Trotsky were quite indifferent to it. Most of those old Bolsheviks were liquidated in the purges before the war; and Stalin's henchmen, the Vishinskys and Molotovs, came into their places literally over their dead bodies. It is these men who have brought Russian policy back to its aggressive traditions.

Reminder

The Turkish reply sharply reminded Russia of the existence of the U.N. It termed the Soviet wish to make the Dardanelles a question for Black Sea powers only "a denial of the existence of the U.N. and a demonstration of mistrust toward those same nations, for which the Turkish government can find no cause. The Turkish government considers itself justified to think the security of each country is under the guarantee of international forces placed at the service of a united federation." The note pointed out that Russia should seek her Black Sea security by restoring friendly relations with a strong Turkey rather than by searching for a privileged position on the Dardanelles.

Suppose that Russia's leaders saw the future of the world, as we would fain see it ourselves — a future of peaceful and permanent partnership between the powers, with war banished for ever and U.N. smoothing out the little differences. Would anything be easier for them, situated as they well know they are, without a single power threatening them? Why instead do they pursue this Straits policy, threatening one war to gain vantage ground for another?

On our finding in time that question's answer the destiny of all mankind may depend. Here is the cloud that darkens the world.

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Monty's Military Goal Set When Four Years

By NANCY PYPER

Here a Canadian woman reveals significant highlights from the boyhood of the Field Marshal Viscount Montgomery, at present the guest of Canada. The factors that helped most to direct the man toward his eventual greatness stemmed from the days of his boyhood. The writer was a house guest of Monty's mother in County Donegal, while on leave from overseas duty as an officer of the Canadian W.R.N.S.

Last Saturday Lady Montgomery suffered a stroke and is gravely ill at her home. She celebrated her eighty-fourth birthday the day before.

"BERNARD always wanted to be a soldier," said Lady Montgomery, his mother, as we sat in the beautiful old drawing room at New Park, Moville, Co. Donegal. A peat fire glowed redly in the fireplace, for though it was June the day had been chilly. She had been showing me the large family album.

On the floor at her feet were two cardboard boxes. "Those," she said pointing to the smaller one, "start with photographs of 17-year-old Cadet Montgomery at Sandhurst in 1904. They finish with Major Montgomery, D.S.O., 32-year-old veteran of the first Great War. These others are of the Field Marshal."

We spread them over the floor. Monty had changed very little through the years. True, there were deep lines etched in the Field Marshal's face that were not apparent in the 1914-19 photographs. But the lean face, hooded piercing eyes above that keen eagle nose, the firm mouth under the close cropped moustache—with always the hint of a smile at the lip corners—and the thin athletic body, these were the same.

"Do you remember when he first spoke of being a soldier?" I asked.

From an old album she took a picture of little Bernard sitting on a stool—large sailor hat, black, full blouse and black shorts. His eyes were mischievous; his right hand grasped his right knee purposefully.

"He was four then," she said. "The Boer War had begun soon after we reached Tasmania. On May 17, 1900, Bernard and I were taking a walk. Suddenly we heard shouts, 'Mafeking's relieved! Mafeking's relieved!' A company of men turned the corner, marching and singing, 'Soldiers of the Queen.' I was terribly moved. I had never heard that song before and there were tears in my eyes. Bernard had stood very quietly, not saying a word, but as we turned to walk on, he said, 'I am *going* to be a soldier'."

It would be hard for any Canadian who has not visited Britain during the war to understand the passion of admiration British men, women and children feel for Monty.

But there was some criticism: What was Monty's idea of insisting that his men run eight miles before breakfast every day? Good Lord! a lot of chaps were damn good soldiers, even if they couldn't run. Then there was this battledress and black beret business. Affectation, what? Likewise this business of wandering amongst his men,

Bernard ("Monty") Montgomery at 12.

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drinking coffee with them! Too familiar, he'd lose prestige. After all the chap was the Field Marshal!

"Speaking of soldiers," said Lady Montgomery chuckling, "I made a bad gaffe in a speech at Larne the other day. 'All the great generals,' I said, 'are Irish', and I listed them: Wellington, Kitchener, Alanbrooke, Gort, Dill, Auchinleck and Monty. Four of them being Ulstermen, I was receiving wild applause when, with horror, I remembered an English general was sitting behind me. I held up my hand and said, 'But here is the one exception!' Thank heaven, he roared with laughter."

Cup Winner

When we moved to the dining room for dinner, there I found the reason for Monty's insistence on running. Above the great mahogany sideboard was a shelf extending almost the entire length of the large room. On it was a solid line of engraved silver trays. Before them, like a regiment of soldiers, stood innumerable tall trophy cups and pewter mugs.

Lady Montgomery laughed, "They are rather a lot. Won by the Bishop, Bernard's father. He was 84 when he died, and all his life he had been keen on running and sports. He held that they were a real education for life, helped to build character, made one keep one's temper. A good team learned to practise unselfishness for a common cause.

"I've heard that criticism of Monty's emphasis on running. Perhaps they forget that at 58 he ran too!"

Later, speaking of their life in Tasmania, she unconsciously answered the other criticisms. The Bishop visited every part of Tasmania. Wearing old clothes, a heavy rucksack over his shoulders, he would set off for weeks at a time to see his people—even the half-castes living in impassable places. His work, she explained, meant more to him than "dignity and correct clothes". When times had been so hard in Tasmania, he told her one day with great delight that he had heard her described as "the worst dressed woman in Hobart".

But the Field Marshal also owes a great deal to his mother. Dean Farrar's daughter, Maud—now over eighty and, as she says, "not out!"—married her father's curate, the Rev. H. H. Montgomery, just two months before her seventeenth birthday. By the time she was twenty-four, she had had five children, Bernard being the fourth. Her husband's parish in Kennington, England, numbered about 1,600 people and she often lay awake planning things to ease his work.

"Those early days taught me the need for system and careful planning," she said. "Large scale planning on the human principle. The parishioners were anxious to help, and as I got to know them, I found the right ones for the right job and tried to keep them happy in it."

She simplified family life. Bernard, then aged two, had his meals in a high chair, and the baby had hers on a cushion on the floor. The saving of time and labor meant precious time together.

Caretaker

The family had grown and a tutor was found for the children. She built a schoolroom on to the house and invited the neighbors' children to come for lessons. Bernard and his brothers kept it in perfect order. They chopped wood, lit and tended the fires, made their own tea. Tea, bread and butter were provided and a weekly shilling given for luxuries.

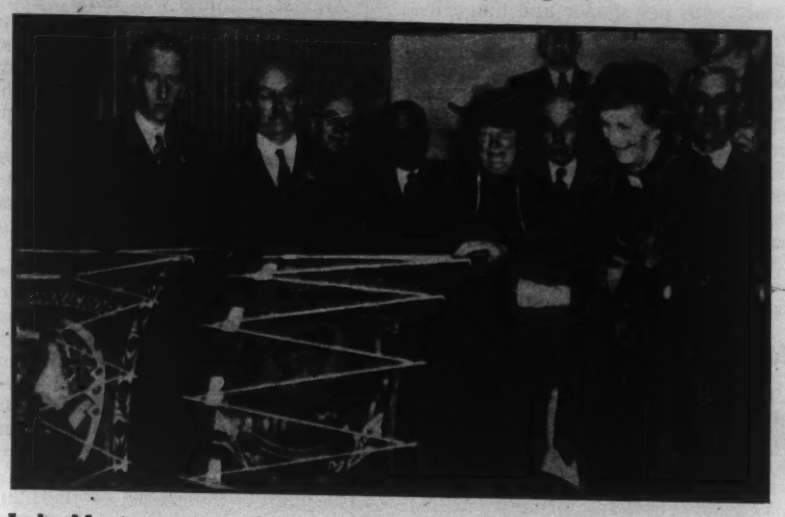
The boys took turns at marketing and learned, to their cost, to think before they spent. One spent the lot on poor biscuits that went mouldy; another bought "reduced eggs" for a bargain. Bernard cannily bought canned salmon and coaxed the cook to make fish cakes.

The Bishop called his wife "my little general". As Bernard watched her direct method, he must have learned and remembered. His own method has followed it so closely.

I asked Lady Montgomery if she would say that Monty had been a particularly good little boy. "Certainly not! The Bishop called him 'The Human Terror', and when he was missing from the rest of the children, I always sent some one to find out what he was doing and stop him."

I said that I had been talking with an old woman in the village that afternoon, as I had waited for my taxi. She had told me that many's the time "wee Bernard" had run to fetch her pails of water from the pump. "That might be Mrs. Kane," she replied with a smile. "Did she tell you about the time her youngest broke her best jug? She was running to beat him when Bernard—about 16 then—ran up and said that he hadn't meant to do it, it was an accident, and if only she would not beat him he would bring her two of the nicest jugs in the whole of Derry. They are now her pride and joy."

"It will be grand when he comes to see you again," I said.



Lady Montgomery at the unveiling of the regimental drums of Ulster, which bear paintings of her son. Picture taken at Knock, N. Ireland.

"Yes, wonderful," she answered, "but my heart bleeds for my dear maid Violet and for my houseman and his wife. The moment he comes in the door, military discipline will be the rule in this house."

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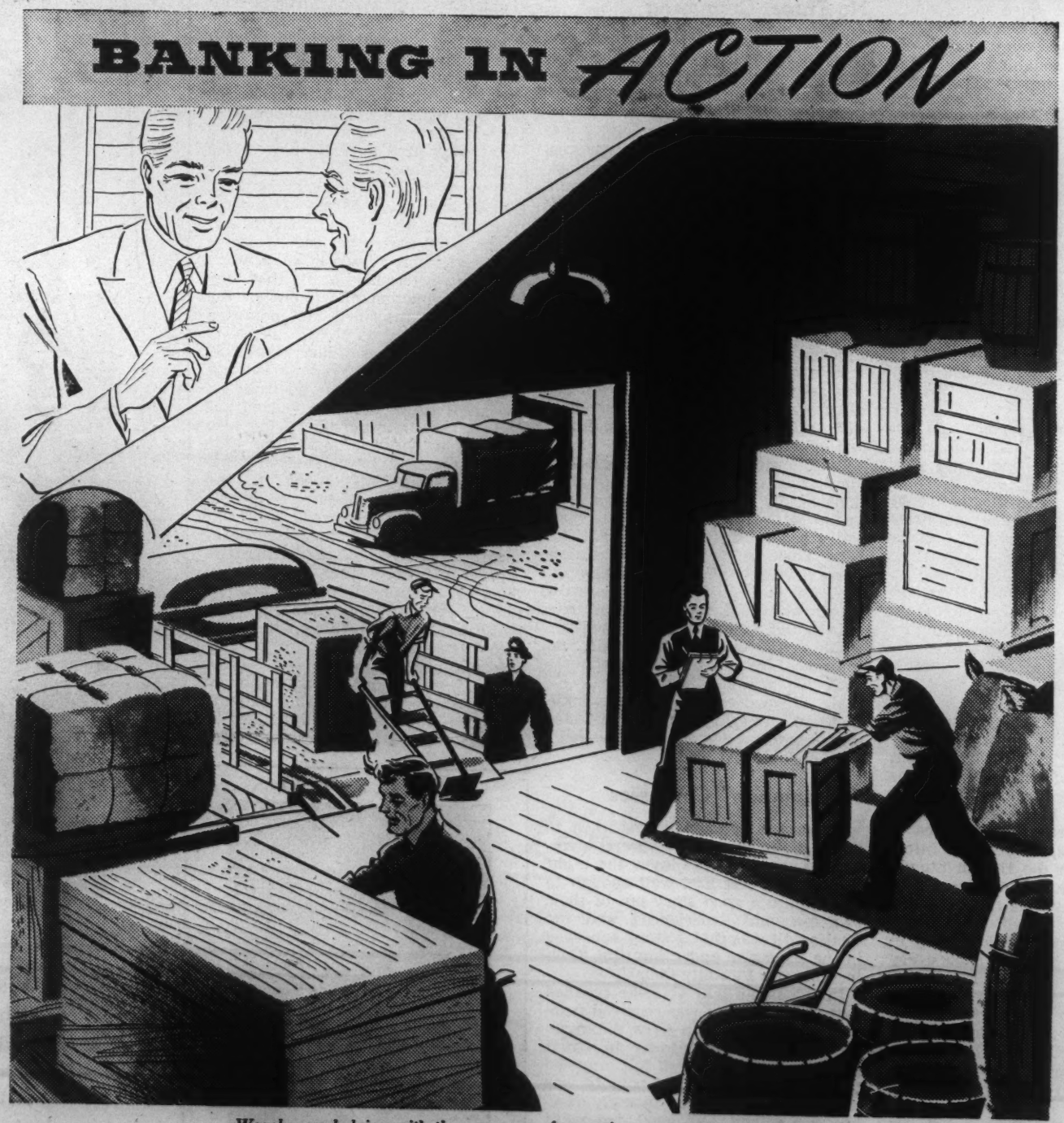

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WASHINGTON LETTER

B.I.S. Is an Attempt to Cement Anglo-American Relations

By JAY MILLER

Washington.

NEXT time U.S. Secretary of State James Byrnes speaks on the radio or in newsreels, check if there isn't a trace of a Scottish burr in his accent. I've heard him in public addresses here and at press conferences and I'm convinced that several generations of Byrnes family residence in America have not eradicated that Caledonian inflection.

Most Canadians are familiar with British speech patterns, because of the large number of English, Irish and Scottish immigrants from the British Isles. But I challenge any Canuck, however proficient in tracing speech origins, to be able to differentiate some of the American dialects from their British counterparts.

Of course the "toity-toid street" idiom of Brooklyn or the peculiar drawl of the Southern Negro are distinctive. Yet there are some white southern accents that sound suspiciously like the Old Country originals. I am constantly mistaking New Englanders for Englishmen. The Canadian's unaccented version of the English tongue is something like certain Mid-Western American dialects, but without that nasal pitch.

I was startled one day to have an American newspaperman, who prides himself in his alleged ability to identify fellow-Yanks with their home States by the accent, volunteer that I was from North Dakota. The fact is that my mother is a native of Fargo, N.D., but she has resided so long in the Canadian West that I am sure her speech is more Canadian than American.

Speech Tie

This un-academic dissertation on similarities in Canadian, American and British accents—and mind you, Hollywood is helping to standardize them—is offered as an illustration of how close together these countries are, at least linguistically. Canada and the U.S., of course, are close geographically, economically, and in other ways. Yet the United States in some respects is still poles apart from Great Britain, as evidenced by the fact that the British loan was almost defeated at one stage of its narrow squeak through Congress.

There is still a lot of work to be done to cement Anglo-American relations. And those astute persons who determine if, and to what extent, the British Information Services are to exist have decided that they are to carry on here. Heading the postwar B.I.S. set-up in America is W. P. N. Edwards, formerly an information man with the British Supply Commission here. Slim, precise in his speech, and favoring the inevitable black Eden hat, which the Ottawa press corps has adopted so fervidly in recent years, Mr. Edwards looks every inch the British career civil servant.

He had a year in Princeton when he was reaching his majority and knows a great deal about the United States. He is still British enough to refer to Americans as "foreigners" in a speech designed to improve mutual relations, but he is possibly as effective a person as might be chosen for the job. A runner-up would be the veteran British press liaison man, Charles Campbell, first secretary of the British Embassy, he of the walrus moustache and the fund of good stories, British as well as American.

Mr. Edwards recently described his country's objectives in public and press relations and the machinery available here to implement them. His comments are of interest in view of the discussions in Canada about the wisdom of maintaining information services in the United States.

As an Ottawa newspaperman, and later a Canadian Army public relations worker I watched at first-hand the efforts to set up the present Canadian Information Services here. A high-priced press agent for the late Wendell Willkie tried the job in New York for a while. Later an effective job was done by Harry Sedgewick in New York and Bruce West in Washington. There were many arguments both for and against the present Canadian set-up, and we do not propose to turn critic here, despite some definite convictions on the subject.

No Throat-Cramming

Let's see what Mr. Edwards expects of the British organization. He says the main function of B.I.S. is to provide information about Britain and British affairs to anybody who wants it. "It has always been its policy, and a sound one, for information services of a foreign government, not to attempt to broadcast our information or to try to force it down peoples' throats," he says. During the war, the British turned out many a press release aimed at winning news headlines. Nowadays its releases are largely texts of official statements.

B.I.S. has four offices in the United States, New York, Washington, Chicago and San Francisco. It maintains a small Information office at the Embassy for which the work is directed. Their work has four divisions, reference, press and radio, films, and general.

Backbone of the whole organization, Mr. Edwards explains, is the reference division. Its job is to collect and keep up to date factual information on every aspect of British affairs. The New York reference section has a library with 9,000 books and pamphlets, 300 current British periodicals, 83 drawers of clippings from the British and American press, and over 40,000 British official publications. The reference division handles telephone, mail and personal inquiries.

Mr. Edward recalls with a twinkle that an American magazine once sought information on the morals of the London West End.

"Commando" Confesses

"Perhaps, I should be ashamed to admit it, but there were several members of our staff who knew the night life of the West End well enough to make quite a good story out of their own personal experiences, and the final result was that a story appeared in the magazine under the title, 'Confessions of a Picadilly Pick-Up'."

In the same light vein, he recalled that another letter was received from a man who wanted to know the maximum penalty for bigamy in Great Britain. The B.I.S. staff felt impelled to tell the man that the penalty was the same in the U.S.A., "namely, having *two* wives, but good judgment prevailed and we sent him a full explanation of the law concerning bigamy in Britain."

Testimony on the efficiency of the reference division was the friendly admission by one American editor that he instructed his staff whenever he wanted to check a piece of factual information: "Don't waste time looking it up in our library, ring up B.I.S."

Press and radio divisions provide facts and background guidance and also arrange facilities for newspapermen wanting to write articles about Britain at home or overseas. It works closely with newspaper and magazine correspondents and American networks and radio stations. The New York office has a picture collection of 100,000 British photographs.

The Film division arranges for American distribution of films produced by the British Government, just as the National Film Board staff operates here. The General division includes the "loose ends". It maintains a speakers' bureau, an exhibition section, and a circulation list for distribution of British publications.

Harmonious Relations

Through this organization, the B.I.S. is doing a creditable job. It is comparable, although on a much larger scale, to the excellent work done during the war by that one-armed information tornado, Major Eric Warburton, the one-man British Information Office in Ottawa.

Mr. Edwards is convinced that government information services are essential and should be maintained by governments wishing to maintain harmonious mutual relations. All Americans do not agree, because the culture and information program for the U.S. mapped out by Undersecretary of State Benton, was approved on a much smaller scale than it was originally proposed.

Here is Mr. Edward's argument for it: "If democratic forms of government are to survive and flourish, and if, in particular, they are to give people the sort of world they want, it has always seemed to me that they can only function effectively on the basis of an informed and educated electorate!

"Government has a duty, therefore, to see that public opinion is kept adequately informed and educated on the great issues of the day—and not only in the domestic sphere, but also in the field of international affairs."

Until recently, he pointed out, Britain regarded Parliament as the medium through which the people were to be kept informed. However, changes in news technique, discontinuance of the old-time verbatim reports of proceedings, competition from other entertainment and information media, films and the radio, had caused the Government to recognize its responsibility to provide information.

"....Government Departments at home were, perhaps naturally, slow to recognize the new conditions which had arisen, and took, therefore, very halting steps to deal with them. As a result, very little was done by the Government between the two years, at least as part of a conscious policy, to inform and educate the electorate, and particularly the new electorate of younger men and women, to an understanding of the major problems which faced us both at home and overseas.

"Almost nothing was done by the Government to keep the people of foreign countries, or even of British Empire countries, adequately informed of our special problems and the way in which we were tackling them. The war changed all this, and gave a great impetus to Government information work, both at home and overseas, and I think, personally, that Government Information Services have come to stay.

"Indeed, I would go further and say that they are an essential part of democracy, and that democratic governments would be failing in their duty if they did not try to ensure that the public both at home and overseas were put in possession of the necessary facts on which they alone can form an intelligent judgment of the major issues of the day."

His point is illustrated by the magnificent David Low cartoon, sent here last week for display at the National Press Club, depicting British and American major blimps carrying on "aerial warfare," while "men on the street" of the two nations discussed their problems in common-sense fashion.

In other words, Mr. Edwards is trying to induce Americans to "talk the language" of his countrymen. There is a solid foundation of understanding, bred of the war, upon which to work. If it is neglected, those forces that almost knocked out the British loan, can destroy it. There's a moral for Canada in all this too.

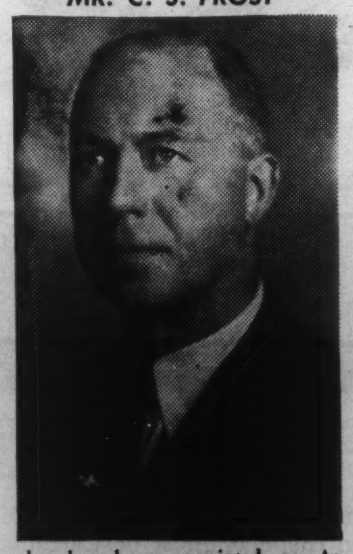
• •

"OBIT"

I think it was
My pride that died!
Dead, in this bitter little room
She made herself a splendid tomb.
Folded her hands and said her beads
And robed herself in sombre weeds—
To look no more on sea or sky
Or her own banners, marching by.
Dead of a hurt, too deep for weeping,
Wrapt in her shroud . . my pride is sleeping!

MONA GOULD

MR. C. S. FROST



who has been appointed as Assistant General Manager of The Bank of Nova Scotia. Mr. Frost was born in Yarmouth, Nova Scotia, where he entered the service of the Bank in 1908. Enlisting in 1914, he returned from overseas in 1919 with the rank of Captain in the Royal Newfoundland Regiment. He was subsequently appointed Assistant Manager of the St. John's, Nfld., Branch of the Bank. In 1931 he was appointed Manager of Saskatoon Branch, and in 1938 Manager at Saint John, N.B. From this post he was appointed Supervisor of Branches at Toronto, and in 1944 Supervisor of the Branches of the Bank in the Maritime Provinces.*

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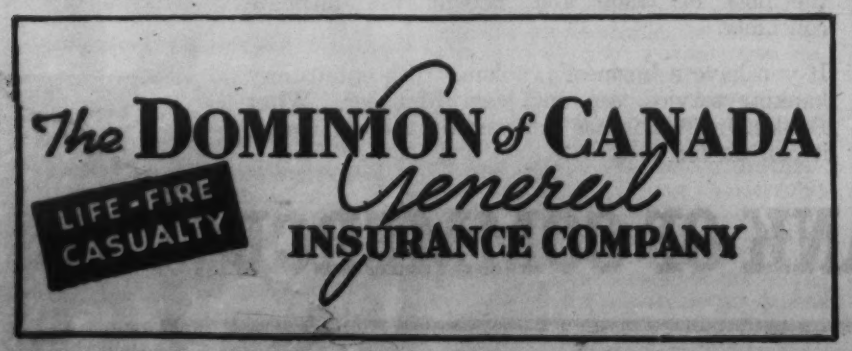

Soon Planes Will Land Day Before Starting

By LORD BALFOUR

The next few years will show tremendous changes in aeroplanes. Passengers will have to learn to adjust themselves to the shock of new surroundings and new people all within a few hours. The writer anticipates the day when planes will fly faster than the earth is revolving so that you may arrive the day before you start.

London.

THE "air age" is only beginning. To those who watched the Wright Brothers our air travel of today would have seemed a fantasy of the future. So today may appear an elementary stage compared to what the world will enjoy in 1986.

The next ten years may see the disappearance of gasoline engines, as we know them, and conventional aeroplane propellers in favor of the jet turbine.

These and other developments are likely within the lifetime of the average aged man or woman, but the question to be asked, and answered, is: "what effect is all this going to have on our ordinary everyday lives?"

I believe that technical developments coupled with a wide extension of air travel to sections of the community hitherto earth-bound, either from economic causes or reluctance to venture flying, will create a need for physical and mental readjustments of the human machine.

Cannot Insulate Mind

You can insulate passengers flying at 40,000 ft. in a pressure-cabin stratospheric air liner from the rarefied outside atmosphere, which would kill in an instant, but you cannot insulate the mind from the shock of adjustment necessary through the transfer of the individual from one country, one set of people, one climate, one form of life, to a different climate, strange surroundings, new faces and an altered way of life, and all within the space of a few hours.

During the war I flew many times across the Atlantic, and the flights certainly did not have the comfort of a Constellation or the speed of a Clipper. I would leave Prestwick in the morning and land in Montreal late the same afternoon, or leave Montreal in the evening, arriving in Scotland for breakfast. I found, as did others, that the transition from war-strained Britain to the bomb-free atmosphere of the North American continent was in itself a severe adjustment—a digestion of mental relief.

Sixteen hours' flying, sometimes under oxygen, made one an inefficient human being for some time after landing. Try to plunge into conference immediately and the mental output might be there temporarily, but reaction sets in later.

In luxury air travel, time of flight, noise, and discomfort may be reduced, but some of the effects must remain, and my advice to long-distance air travellers is "take it easy" for 12-24 hours after landing.

Again, air travel imposes trials on the physical body, for hours of meals are altered, and the rhythm of sleep is upset.

Another mental adjustment is in the "measurement of time". For instance, if you fly from Britain to North America you "save" five hours. That is to say, if you left Britain at 7 o'clock in the morning (Greenwich Time) for a 12-hour trip to Canada, you would reach your destination at 7 in the evening (Greenwich Time) over here, but five hours earlier—i.e., 2 o'clock in the afternoon—in Canada.

This is because you are, as it were, "chasing the setting sun" and catching it up by five hours in the 24.

Now here is a poser which I have often put to friends. If you left Prestwick flying westward for Canada just as the evening sun was dropping over the western horizon, and you flew at some 600 miles an hour (i.e. doing a 3,000-mile trip in five hours) you would always have before you a just-setting sun. You would arrive at sunset of the day you started.

Now what would happen if you put up your speed and flew faster than the rate of the earth's revolution on its axis, which is one complete turn every 24 hours? You would be overtaking the sunset and so the sun would, as it were, go backwards, rising from sunset towards its midday overhead position. Thus you might arrive in Canada or the U.S.A. on the day before you started.

High-speed stratospheric flying is going to bring us into the mysterious unexplored "supersonic belt," in which nobody quite knows what may happen to man or machine. "Supersonic" means travelling beyond the speed of sound, which is only about 720 miles per hour. Experiments are going forward to open up this unknown, which may result in extraordinary surprises, leading to the encirclement of the globe at stratospheric heights and at a speed of 800 or more miles an hour, with low operating costs compared with today's operations.

The Princess Royal was greeted by General McNarney and Mr. Averill Harriman at the U.S. Embassy in London when she received a bronze plaque on behalf of the Royal Signal Corps from U.S. Army Signal Corps.

CANADA UNLIMITED — *The Formative Years*

The Prospector—*painted by R. York Wilson, O.S.A.*

Out of the Lonely North

UNTIL THE THIRTIES, the barren bleakness of the Arctic North was Canada's unknown. Suddenly it leaped into the news. Out of the lonely North there came word of discovery. The searching picks of the prospector had chipped Pitchblende from the rugged face of the rock. A new major source of material for Radium, for U-235, for Plutonium, had been found.

Because of this discovery, the beneficent ministrations of radium have been made available to increased thousands of suffering people at such a price that its curative powers could be used for rich and poor alike. Then, too, Canada, possessing quantities of Uranium, is assured of a leading position in the development of all the benefits of this new power which are indicated but as yet unproved.

Today the pitchblende deposits at Great Bear Lake belong to the Canadian Government in trust for the Canadian people. Wisely used, this great new asset can bring us measurably closer to that future greatness and security we call Canada Unlimited.

And just as the Victory Bonds we bought during the war helped, amongst other things, to develop atomic energy for war purposes, the Bonds we hold will provide for the utilization of the fruits of Canadian discovery in a better, finer, world.

1846
One of a series depicting the growth of Canada as a nation, produced by O'Keefe's on the occasion of their 100th anniversary.
1946

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Published by O'Keefe's BREWING COMPANY LIMITED

Darwin, Marx, Freud, Apostles of Chaos?

By W. J. BROWN

Mr. Brown believes that the world has deteriorated and will continue that way until we abolish the beliefs upheld by Marx, Darwin, and Freud. To them, man is only the automatic expression of biological, political, and psychological processes. Our urge to be free of all restraints has come from their teachings.

We did not see that this led to dictatorship which has cost the world millions of lives. Before we go any further it would be wise for us to think again of the brotherhood of man and our duty to our neighbor. We may want to express these ideas in different language but we should emphasize their basic principles for we have seen the results of throwing them overboard.

THE world during my lifetime has not gone from bad to better. It has gone from bad to worse.

It will continue to do so until we get our minds clear on some essentials.

The first is the folly of the utopians. The utopians demand two things which they cannot have. One is Finality. We are to achieve the particular utopia, whatever it may be, which they desire, and then the world is to stop—just there! It won't—there or anywhere. It is destined never to know either "pause or peace." The wheel "goes round unceasingly."

The other is Perfection. That is conceivable only in a world of perfect human beings. The law is—"As within, so without." The world as we know it is a precipitate of the heart of man—with all the jealousies, hatreds, fears, suspicions and acquisitivenesses which mark and mar that same organ.

Generalizations Overboard

Next, we must throw overboard the generalizations which have conditioned the thought of this age. Of these, there are three in especial which have precipitated us into the pit. They are—the Generalization of Darwin, the Generalization of Marx, and the Generalization of Freud.

These three men worked in very different fields—biology, politics and psychology. But their work in these fields was complementary. Darwin traced the whole of the evolutionary process—which, by the way, no one has ever yet proved to have taken place—to the struggle for existence and the survival of the fittest.

In that process there was no morality, and there were no restraints. Nature, "red in tooth and claw," knew nothing of ethics.

It was not by accident that Marx sent the first copy of his monumental "Das Kapital" to Darwin, with a complimentary inscription. For what Marx did was to apply Darwinism to the field of economics and politics.

Philosophical Justification

Darwinism provided the classical philosophical justification both for the barbarities of capitalist anarchy, and for the "class struggle" to overthrow it. That struggle also, was as devoid of ethics as the evolutionary struggle itself.

Freud put the coping stone on the edifice. All that we did, all that we could do, it appeared, was to respond to the promptings—direct and immediate, or remote and obscure—of sex.

Between the three of them they not merely wiped out God and "all that". They annihilated the soul of man.

Men were, it seemed, no more than the automatic expressions of the biological process on the one hand, and the economic and sex urges on the other. Anybody who believed otherwise was a fool, a "romantic," an "escapist," and, indeed, a "reactionary". Before long it would be perfectly proper to "liquidate" all such. . .

Now because these men talked to us in the name of "Science," with a capital "S," we believed them. Moreover, there was something in us which responded to the teaching. It was the urge to be free of all the restraints which had irked and hampered us.

We did not then see the end of that road. We have seen it since in the vilenesses of Naziism and the cynical amoralities of Communism.

The order of the "progress" we have been following has been: Monarchy, which led to aristocracy, which led to democracy, which produces Fascism or Communism, which produces dictatorship. And that is "where we came in."

But the dictatorship at the end of the process is a very different thing from the monarch at the beginning. The monarch was subject to the restraints of religion and to the limitations in the technique of repressions. The dictator is subject to neither. Religion has gone, and science has equipped the dictator with resources of repression which the monarch never dreamed of. It cost Britain a few thousand lives to get rid of Charles I. It cost us millions to dispose of Hitler.

Esau sold his birthright and was duly paid. Mankind is engaged in selling the birthright of liberty for social security. But there is some doubt if mankind will be paid.

There is less liberty in the world today than when I was a boy and the sacrifice of liberty has not been compensated for by material security. And so a vast malaise, a deep frustration, a cosmic sadness, haunts and troubles the soul of man.

So before we go further along the road which has so far proved demonstrably wrong, it might be well for us to think again.

If the old conceptions of the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Man, of the Divine Providence, of our duty towards our neighbor, and of the Day of Judgment, sound naive to our modern ears, we may restate them in different language, but we had better reassert their content.

For we have seen the results of throwing them overboard.

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THE LIGHTER SIDE

Come Out From Behind That Ipsophone

By MARY LOWREY ROSS

IF YOU have been following popular science in the magazines, you have probably heard about the latest threat to human security, the Ipsophone. This is the ingenious device that answers your telephone for you, repulses wrong numbers, records calls and messages, and then reels off the whole medley when you come home in the hope of spending a quiet evening.

Thus the Ipsophone threatens the telephone owner's highest privilege——the privilege of ignoring his telephone altogether. Ignoring the telephone is a rare and useful accomplishment and one that I stumbled on almost by accident.

It happened on the morning that I flung myself down two flights of stairs ricking my ankle at the last turn, just to have a female voice ask if I could work her in for a cold wave permanent at two o'clock. It was probably the sudden flash of pain and rage that lit for an instant one of those obscure yet simple secrets of happy living: You don't have to answer the telephone.

Since that time I have left the telephone alone when it rings, with the result that the telephone has left me more and more alone. We can now live in the same house in a state of perfect compatibility for weeks on end with hardly a word passing between us.

That is why I would just about as soon discover a deposit of plutonium in my backyard as an Ipsophone on my hall table. No good can possibly come of that sort of thing. I particularly don't want an Ipsophone because I know that if I once owned one I never could resist unmuzzling the thing at the end of the day. Then when I did, I should probably have to listen to some such mechanical recital as this:

"Is Mr. Isbister at home, isn't this where Mr. Isbister lives, what number is this? CLICK. This is the Superservice Laundry calling, we can't trace the three sheets and two pillowcases you say you lost, are you sure you sent them, please do not phone our Miss Prendergast at the office any more because it annoys her, she is not responsible for the loss of the sheets and pillowcases and neither are we. CLICK. Hello there, this is Cousin Velma from Regina and I'm here with Steve and Pansy and the new son-in-law and we can't find a place to sleep, would it be all right if we came up about ten, don't go to any trouble we can just bunk anywhere, isn't it grand you have an Ipsophone, listen, Steve, I can't hear myself speak, hello, hello, Steve says to give you his love and will it be all right to bring along the pooch. I'm dying to see you. CLICK. This is the Potluck Program, we called this afternoon to offer you $178 if you could supply the title to the poem containing the lines a youth who bore mid snow and ice a banner with a strange device, Excelsior, Better luck next time. CLICK. Hello, is Mr. Isbister in, what number is this, I want Mr. Isbister's residence, etc. etc.

THIS, of course, is a very mild example of the Ipsiphone's possibilities. As a study in mechanical malevolence, let us take the case of the Ipsophone purchased by Mr. and Mrs. Aspern, who were the first in the Ipsophone field and have probably regretted it ever since.

Mr. Aspern arrives home after a hard day's work at the office and sits idly at the telephone table to play back the record.

Ipso: Hello, hello, this is Spark's garage calling; we've been looking over your car and we find you'll need a new condenser; the ignition's pretty well shot too and the valves don't look so good. However, we figure we can fix it up for you for $250. Of course, if you want a teardown job, that will run you into money. We'd appreciate it if you'd drop in to talk it over. CLICK.

Hello, you the people who advertised a room to rent, hello, hell-o hell. CLICK. That you, dear, this is Alice, I'm still at the committee room and there's so much noise going on I can hardly hear myself speak, I rise to a point of order, listen I'll probably be a little late but there's still some of that potroast in the refrigerator, the motion is out of order, if you were to warm it up it would probably be better, can you hear me, the reactionary French Catholic point of view, shame, shame, and if you were to put a few potatoes and carrots in the pressure cooker and set the indicator to pride in the glorious British Empire but don't let it get above the pressure point, Madame Chairman, I protest, the Gropup for Fanny is on the second shelf, oh yes, and the girl from Supermarketeria phoned she had a box of soapflakes saved, the lessons of citizenship should teach us it might be best to pick it up before five o'clock, I'll call back later and pick up any messages from Ipso.

An hour later Mrs. Aspern hurries down to the telephone and using the family combination consults Ipso about how things are going on at home. As it turns out they are going rather badly.

"I'm going down to the Chinaman's for a decent dinner," Ipso croaks irritably. "I gave the potroast to Fanny. Why don't you come home for Heaven's sake instead of running round minding everybody's business but your own?"

Mrs. Aspern who had been feeling slightly contrite is instantly infuriated. "I simply can't understand your taking that tone," she dictates haughtily to Ipso. "After all, I am busy on matters of importance to the community; you might at least get your own dinner. Since you are in such a disagreeable mood, I think I shall spend the night at mother's."

WHEN Mr. Aspern gets this message, he instantly grabs a bottle of whiskey and a pair of pyjamas and goes off to a hotel room where he spends the night drinking and dictating messages to Ipso. By next day, however, he is sober and ashamed and hurries home to make things right. Unfortunately, however, Mrs. Aspern has been home in the interval and has talked the whole thing over with her best friend a handsome spinster of thirty-five named Helen Trent, whom Mr. Aspern dislikes intensely.

Naturally, it is Helen Trent's voice that he catches the moment he sets Ipso going: "Of course, I wouldn't for the world say a thing that would influence you one way or the other, as a matter of fact I've always had sort of a soft spot for poor George. You remember the night he had the fight with Phileo, and after you left, Phileo said George was a ring-tailed baboon, and I said frankly I simply wouldn't stand for the word ring-tailed. I said at the time Alice is a wonderful girl with just heaps of talent and it isn't poor George's fault that he is a rather limited personality but it does put him at a disadvantage, etc., etc."

This, of course, sends George rushing back to his hotel room so that he can roar "Nerts" into the Ipso record before Alice returns.

It doesn't occur to this unhappy pair that Ipso itself is the cause of all their troubles. Ipso has simply become a diabolical confidant through which they can transmit insulting messages without fear of interruption. I can't imagine how the case of Mr. and Mrs. Aspern would ever be straightened out; and it seems to me that, before the threat to home and marriage arises, the ballistic and acoustical experts should work out a scheme by which Ipso itself should take over and repair the damage it has done.

I'm quite confident that a system of acoustical relays could be devised so that when matter approaches a climax Ipso could reel out a robot warning, "Now lay off, you two; Charles, pipe down, and Alice, you shut up. The truth is you're both acting like stinkers. Now let's detrov the record and start all over again."

"So that's where Paw's been since Christmas!"

OF ALTHAEA'S BUNS

The ordinary bun
I ever shun,
However fair and bland
In outward seeming;
However soft the currants be
They bring to me
Some grains of sand.
And so, instead,
I peg away at bread.

Unless I see a
Bun by Althaea
Coopered with loving care
Upon her bakeboard there,
A yeasty, bubbling scene.
The currants clean
And richly numerous.
The whole baked right
To bring delight,
The crust a buttery brown,
Blithe, almost humorous.
And then I say
In my commanding way:
"Bread? Take it away!"

J. E. M.

PRAYER FOR A LITTLE HOME

GOD send us a little home
And we'll promise not to roam.

Just a home, a home for sure;
Never mind the furniture.

Be the district smart or slum
It will seem Elysium.

Let us live among Thy chosen:
Tenants whom the Law has frozen.

Ne'er to see the horrid grin
Of a landlord moving in.

If the walls admit the frost
We shall gladly pay the cost.

Should the furnace be a ruin
Right away we'll buy a new 'un.

Give us in our present plea
Number one priority.

Send us, please, a little home,
And we'll promise not to roam.

J. E. P.

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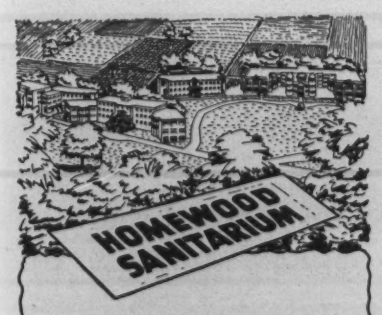

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FROM THE EDITOR'S CHAIR

Another Good American Book on Culture of French Canada

By B. K. SANDWELL

THE FRENCH CANADIAN OUTLOOK, by Mason Wade. (Macmillans, $2.50).

MR. WADE, who is the biographer of Francis Parkman, has done a very thorough research job on the history and psychology of French Canada, and thus afforded another proof that the onlooker (he is an American) sees most of the game. The best research on French Canada has certainly been done so far by Americans, and has largely been financed by American funds—in this case the Guggenheim trust. Once or twice when he steps outside of his specialty Mr. Wade shows the outsider's imperceptions, as when he describes the C.C.F. Socialism as being "of the British Social Credit variety;" but he knows about "the semantic confusion which gives the word 'Socialism' in French a meaning different from that which it has in English."

Mr. Wade thinks that the power of clericalism in French Canada dates from the Ultramontanism "of autocratic Bishop Laval, who vanquished a series of Gallican-minded governors and intendants." It may be doubted whether the Ultramontane victory was as complete as that suggests, and whether it would have been as permanent if the governors and intendants had not had to disappear after 1760 while the clergy remained as the sole leaders of their "ceded" people. But it is true that in Quebec the representative of the state even before the "cession" was always something of an outsider, and the clergyman much more of a native.

Patrie Picked

Nor does Mr. Wade do justice to some of the factors which had a great deal to do with the intense attachment of Quebec to the Papacy, especially after the disappearance of the temporal power. For all their concentration of affection upon *le Canada*, the French Canadians needed a *patrie*. They could not look on Britain as such, and from France they had been severed constitutionally by the cession and spiritually by the Revolution; but Rome they could always cherish, and when the Pope became "the prisoner of the Vatican" there was added the natural sympathy of the dispossessed for the dispossessed. This may be Ultramontanism but it is of the heart and not of the head.

Canadians are under a deep obligation for this book to both Mr. Wade and the Guggenheim trust, an obligation which they can best fulfil by reading it. It is important that English-speaking Canadians should bear in mind that the hanging of Louis Riel was something which can be described, and Mr. Wade so describes it, as "judicial murder"—though the reason for calling it so is rather the fact that Riel had thrice been confined in an asylum, than any theory that he had "already paid the penalty of five years' banishment" for his real offence, the killing of Scott in 1870. It is important that they should know that Bishop Mountain not only proposed to convert all French Canada to Protestantism (which of course he was entitled to propose) but also secured the revenues of the confiscated "Jesuit estates" for the support of his chief mechanism for doing so, the "Royal Institution for Learning," so that, in the words of Arthur Buller, the French Canadians "saw the great Catholic legacy of their forefathers converted into a fund for the establishment of a rival church."

Perplexing Ratios

It is interesting to learn that the *Pourquoi sommes-nous divisés?* of Abbé Maheux attained a distribution of less than a thousand copies in a year, while the racialist reply to it of Abbé Groulx sold forty thousand copies in six weeks; also that, because the educational standards of the convents are higher than those of the boys' schools, the women of Quebec's under-privileged classes are apt to be better educated than the men. Mr. Wade does not dwell on the root cause of poor education in Quebec—the difficulty of 40 not too well educated adults paying for the schooling of 60 juveniles, while in Protestant communities 60 better educated and therefore better paid adults pay for the schooling of 40 juveniles. He perhaps feels that the economics of the French Canadian problem have been adequately dealt with by Everett C. Hughes. But he has observed that "the heritage of the French Revolution" has at last been brought to bear, since 1940, on Quebec, and that war contacts have effected "a freer and franker relationship between more English and French Canadians than ever before." His book should help the good work.

IN THE PUBLIC EYE

C.B.C. Program Chief Skilled at Developing a True Nationhood

By JEAN TWEED

FOR A MAN who has fended off wartime Ottawa, tempermental artists and irate citizens for a number of years, E. L. Bushnell, director general of programs for the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation, has remained comparatively sane. This does not mean he is completely normal, because no sensible man would touch his job with a ten-foot pole. Everything from the fumings of a Parliamentary Committee, down to a spat between two stenographers, ends up on Bushnell's desk. He bears the responsibility for every broadcast, commercial and sustaining, on the Canadian networks. That means hundreds of brickbats daily from Western listeners, such as the two he received the other day. One was from an irate Westerner who complained bitterly about the "mush-mouthed English accents appearing in the guise of Canadian announcers," while the other inquired acidly whether all Canadian announcers were recruited in Brooklyn.

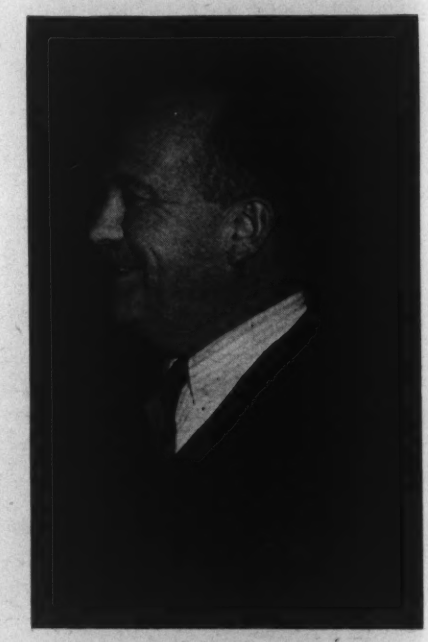
Besides both Canadian networks, Trans-Canada and Dominion, Bushnell is in charge of the C.B.C.'s International Short Wave Service. In fact, the only spot in Canada where he is safe from worry is Quebec, which handles its own network in its own way.

Now this job is the kind to turn a man into a cautious, sedate, hard-hearted diplomat, and in almost any other country would make him a millionaire. But "Bush," as he is known to both friends and foes, has become neither. His fiery Irish temper, his hair-raising frankness, his utter sentimentality and his comparatively low salary, belie any conformation to the rules of mankind and business.

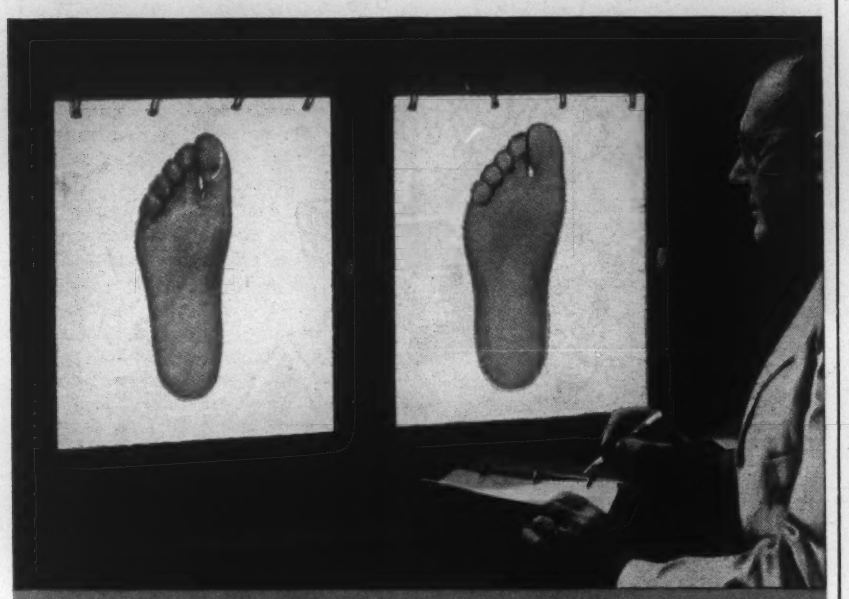
By some standards, Bush is an incongruous choice for his job. Many people measure a man's position in the entertainment business in direct ratio to the amount of personal publicity he has accumulated. Bush has so thoroughly eluded public notice that in the publicity office of the C.B.C. itself, there is no file headed "Bushnell, E.L." There are a couple of measly typewritten sheets only. both starting "born November 19th, 1900, on a farm between Lindsay and Port Perry, Ontario. Received Public School and High School education at Omemee, Ontario, home of Lady Eaton (if that means anything)". The bracketed remark is the one bit of color in an otherwise bald statement. I understand it was put in by Bushnell himself. Neither is he a colorful-looking character. Short, rotund, of middling complexion, he dresses in the manner of the average business man. He belongs to one club (charter member of the "Hook and Slice Club, Toronto branch) and his hobbies are the conventional ones of fishing, golfing and reading. The general impression is that of a genial, chain-smoking cherub.

Questioning Bushnell cronies about Bushnell peculiarities arouses a raised eyebrow in answer. This is due to the obviousness of Bushnell's main personal oddity. His language. He is profane but not offensive. Violent but never forced. His expletives have the rolling ease of an experienced dockhand. That may be caused, of course, by the fact that Bushnell went from radio to the dockyards, back to radio.

His main phobia concerns a large



E. L. BUSHNELL



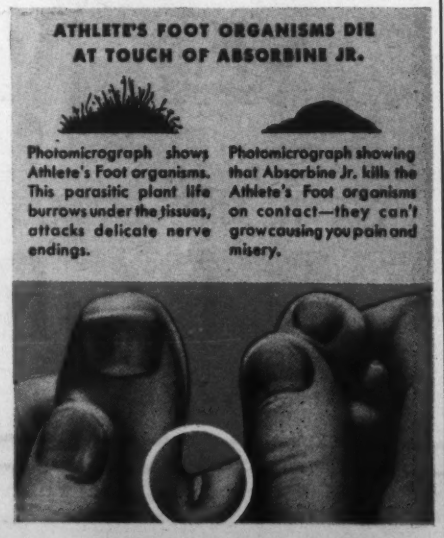
Absorbine Jr. effective for Athlete's Foot in 3 out of 4 cases tested!

Clinical tests, laboratory tests prove Absorbine Jr. may relieve *your* Athlete's Foot symptoms, too!

To kill laboratory cultures of the organisms which cause painful Athlete's Foot is one thing. But to reach and kill them on the living tissues of human feet is far more difficult.

However, that is exactly what Absorbine Jr. has been proved to do in 3 out of 4 cases which were tested under strictest clinical and laboratory control.

REPEAT—3 out of 4 suffering from Athlete's Foot got complete relief—not partial relief, complete relief, from the symptoms of this painful skin condition by application of Absorbine Jr.


ATHLETE'S FOOT ORGANISMS DIE AT TOUCH OF ABSORBINE JR.
Photomicrograph shows Athlete's Foot organisms. This parasitic plant life burrows under the tissues, attacks delicate nerve endings.
Photomicrograph showing that Absorbine Jr. kills the Athlete's Foot organisms on contact—they can't grow causing you pain and misery.

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Examine the skin between your toes tonight! Is it cracked, raw? Is itching present? These signs often mean your feet have been infected with Athlete's Foot organisms.

Drench these cracks with Absorbine Jr.

At the very first signs of cracked skin between the toes apply Absorbine Jr. at once. Pour it on—full strength. Often a cotton swab soaked in Absorbine Jr. will help remove loosened patches of dead skin, if rubbed gently.

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Absorbine Jr.

kills Athlete's Foot organisms on contact

a check-up

Have you reviewed your estate plans in the last few years? Not only changes in your family, business or assets, but the important and continuing developments in the field of taxation may have affected your present arrangements, rendering them less suitable and less practical. To make sure that you have a workable and effective Will, we invite you and your solicitor to check your current plan against our broad administrative experience over the past several decades.

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fern in his office. Some vestigial remains of his high-school natural history has convinced Bush that should anyone lay a finger on the fern, it will shrivel and die upon the spot leaving naught but a withered stalk behind. This "fernophobia" is unobtrusive in his large office in the C.B.C.'s new Toronto establishment, but in the old days, when his office was a small hole in a small wall, program conferences were constantly interrupted with anguished yells from the director general. The conferees were too busy finding standing room, let alone avoiding a massive fern.

However, Bushnell in the Kremlin (as the C.B.C. annex is irreverently called) has changed not a bit. His secretary Georgie Appelby had high ambitions that separate offices would mean she would be summoned into the presence with the buzzer. All Bush did was shout, "Hey Georgie" more loudly. Memos from Bush are often cherished by the recipients. They are usually terse and pointed. But Bush himself tells of one exception. "I got a little fancy once, and dictated a long memo to announcers berating them for splitting infinitives in the news dispatches. The only trouble was that the memo itself contained no less than six split infinitives. That ended it. From then on I stuck to scribbled notes."

These amusing oddities are not, however, the reason Bushnell has guided successfully the Canadian airwaves for 13 years. His first attribute is amazing honesty and sincerity. He is like the man in that hoary gag who called a spade a bloody shovel. There is no pussy-footing, and he has the priceless quality of making his subordinates feel like colleagues. Even the most hard-bitten producer, the most cynical actor says, "Bush? He's all right. Hell, at least he'll listen to you."

One such producer said, "Nothing goes on in this organization that Bush doesn't know. Even the most infinitesimal upset gets to him. He doesn't spy, he just listens. He's always willing to hear what you have to say, and he never crosses you up. In private he may give you the devil, but in public he backs his employees to the hilt. And once he's had his say, it's all over. There's no grudge-carrying."

Abler than Abler

A clipping in Bushnell's pocket is a clue to his success with his personnel. It's from the *Christian Science Monitor*: "A man who employs men abler than he is, is an abler man than they are." And that's his method. He doesn't play at being omniscient. The other man's opinion is always respected and often followed.

Detractors claim Bushnell is not enough aware of the educational possibilities of radio. But in his recent report to the Special Parliamentary Committee on Broadcasting, he stated, "National radio, more than any other means available, is contributing through its day-to-day presentation of programs in Canadian homes, to the development of a truly Canadian outlook—and I mean that in its broadest sense, without political or other special implications . . . . . Realization of the part that radio must play in the development of our country imposes a heavy sense of responsibility on those who are planning our programs. We are conscious of our own shortcomings in fulfilling such a responsibility, but we are not, I assure you, unaware of its importance."

Bushnell's greatest fear is that radio will lean too heavily on education and too lightly on entertainment. If there is one epithet that is guaranteed to rouse the famous Bushnell temper, it is "those long hairs of the C.B.C.!" He knows he is primarily in the entertainment business, and some of this feeling crept into his sober Parliamentary report: "Tragedy, comedy and music for the dance all go to form the mosaic pattern of broadcasting. We have old-time dance music for moderns, variety and comedy shows, drama ranging from the play of ideas to the simple boy loves girl formula, symphony orchestras, organ recitals, soap operas, sonatas and Shoo-Fly-Pie . . . . . A few days at home in bed with your radio beside you will convince you that at least very little in the way of entertainment is forgotten by the "long haired" boys of the C.B.C. If you do get the opportunity of listening for a day or two, I can guarantee that you will either be killed or cured."

Entertainment First

A neat parallel between Bush's idea of entertainment first, and education second, is the remark he made recently to his only daughter, 15-year-old Marilyn. The girl was agitating to go to another school where both the scholastic and expense standards are higher. Unfortunately, she needed some equally expensive dental work, and Bush ended the discussion with "Listen, dearie, we'll get you beautiful first, and worry about your education afterward."

It was 1926 when Bush first decided to break into radio. He had been first tenor with the Adanac quartette for five years, doing concert work in the United States. He came back to Toronto to open the first Canadian radio advertising agency known as Radio Broadcasting Services. The same year he married Edna Wood, an early aquaintance of church choir days. In 1927 he went to the Toronto station of CFRB as announcer and manager. "I was fired," says Bush, "for two reasons. First, I was not a good enough announcer, and secondly I couldn't bring in much business. The station was so intent on improving its equipment it was usually off the air, which rather discouraged prospective sponsors."

At this point he decided that even if radio was here to stay, Bush wasn't. At Hamilton a dock was being built. He spent the spring of 1928 counting the strokes required to drive in the foundation poles. Within a year he was back in Toronto announcing on CKNC, the Canadian Carbon Station, and two years later he had become station manager. Those were the nostalgic days of radio, when shows were put on with an engineer and a prayer, and radio was really just a hobby.

In 1933 Canadian radio began to organize and Bushnell was one of the first employees of the Canadian Broadcasting Commission, established under the chairmanship of Hector Charlesworth. Bushnell was appointed supervisor of programs for Ontario and Western Canada. His first secretary was the same Georgie Appleby. The Commission became the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation. In 1937 Bushnell was supervisor of programs for Canada, and last year he was made director general of programs for Canada. Where he will go next is anyone's guess. He isn't worrying about it. "I'm only forty-six," he says, "and I've got all I can handle right now."

And during the past seven years Bush has certainly carried a big load. Radio programing in wartime is no sinecure. Schedules were overturned constantly and without warning. But Bushnell managed to guide the C.B.C. successfully through the crisis.

Credit for the magnificent job of organizing the North American section of the B.B.C. shortwave goes to Bush. He went to England in 1940, just as the first sirens were blowing to herald the blitz. He was in Broadcasting House getting ready for a night's schedule when the land mine made a direct hit. The bomb didn't explode until half an hour later when the bomb crew were dismantling it. "We went on that night anyway," he commented. "During the whole war we missed only 10 minutes of broadcasting on the American Service."

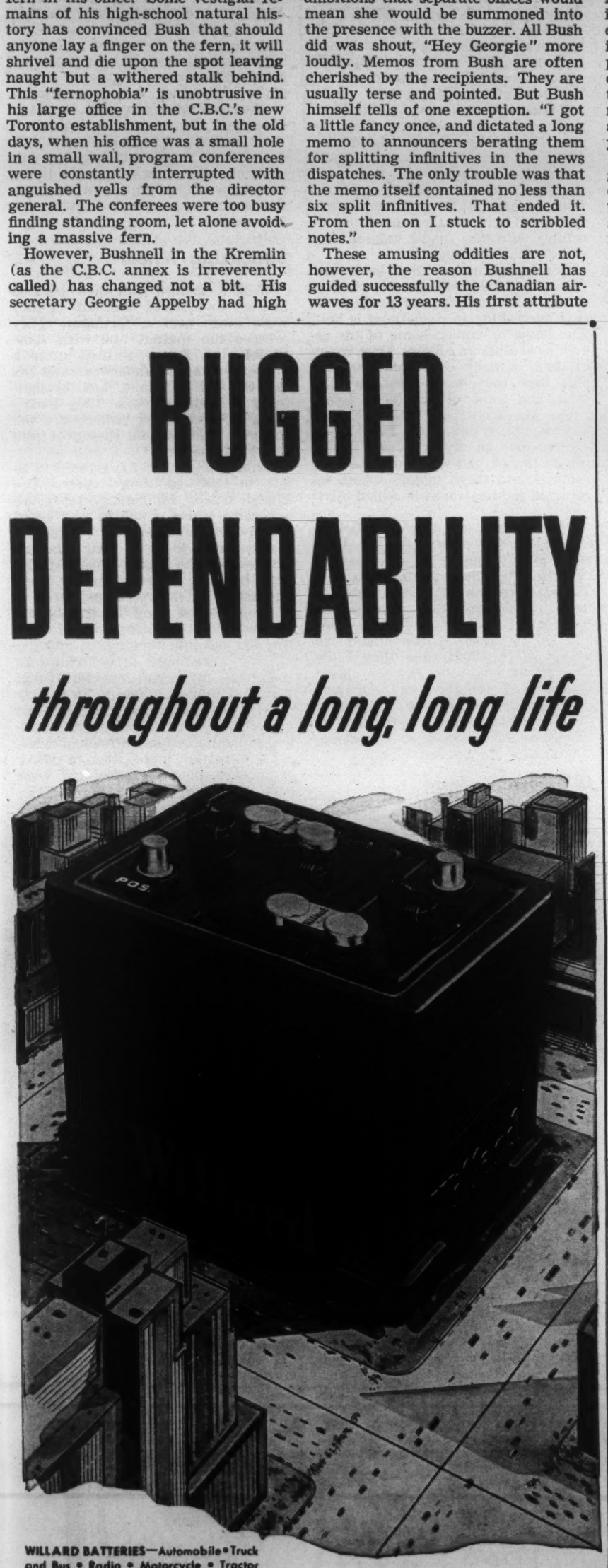
Bushnell also has the doubtful honor of being the man to introduce soap operas to England. He suggested that a successful American method of presenting every-day problems and their solutions is the daytime serial. And so the popular "Front Line Family" was originated along those lines. It was a novel technique to the B.B.C., and judging from other similar B.B.C. shows, a continuing one.

At the moment Bush's big problem is to convert radio back to peace. The listeners, used to the excitement of wartime broadcasts, are switching on their radios less often. Broadcasters themselves are finding the business dull. No longer does Bushnell sit in his shirtsleeves before a battery of telephones in a temporary office next to the news room, juggling programs for split-second changes to keep pace with such big radio moments as Dunkirk, Dieppe, D-Day, V-E Day, V-J Day. Whether anyone can accomplish this switchover until the memory of those exciting days has somewhat faded is questionable. But if sincerity, experience and honest belief in the value of radio can turn the trick, then Bushnell will swing it.

The jeep station wagon, now being produced by Willys-Overland Motors to answer the need for an all-purpose vehicle, retains the jeep engine and front end. Body of the wagon is entirely of steel with a seating capacity of seven. Everything except the driver's seat is removable.

RUGGED DEPENDABILITY

throughout a long, long life



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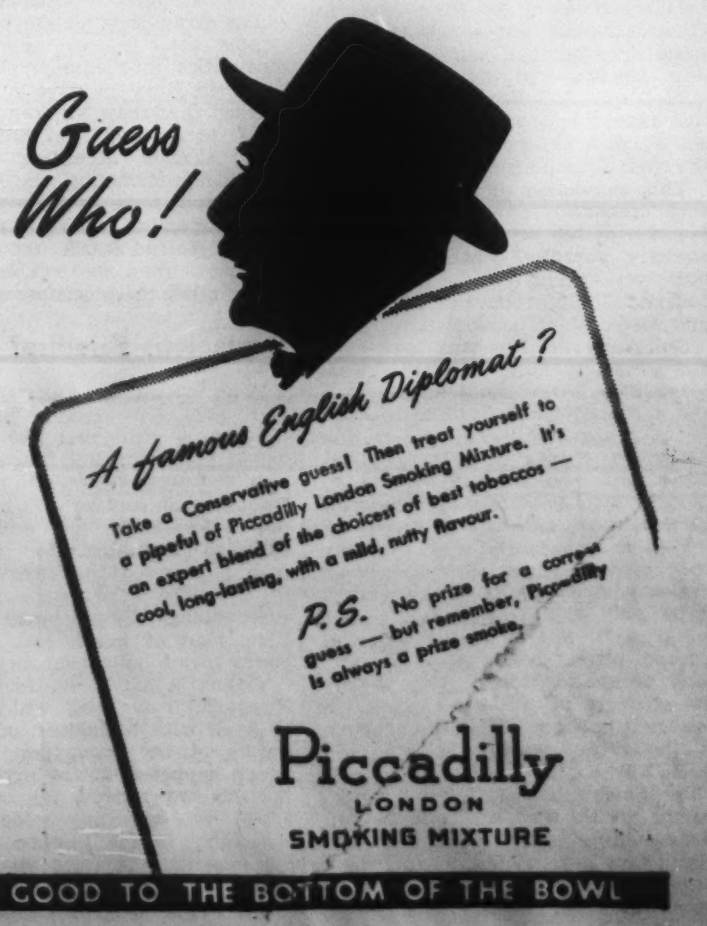
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GOOD TO THE BOTTOM OF THE BOWL

THE WORLD TODAY

Austrians Are Still Attractive; Possibility of Their Revival

By WILLSON WOODSIDE

Vienna.

BEFORE revisiting Austria I shared the view, which I believe is fairly general among those who have a warm spot for this country because of its music or from the memory of earlier visits there, that it was probably finished and would not recover from this second heavy blow within a generation. It was summed up in the phrase, "Poor Austria!"

Starting with this point of view, my impressions of the vitality of the people and the condition of the country were rather encouraging. *If this country had a chance,* I think that it could revive and offer its people a reasonably good future.

This would be very different from its past, on a smaller scale, but decent and moderate and according to its traditions—in fact a development of democratic socialism not unlike that of Labor Britain. This accounts to a considerable extent I think for the affinity which Britons feel for Austria, and the interest which Laborite as well as Conservative politicians frequently express in her affairs.

Everything is relative. Taking the long-term view Austria's position and prospects have, of course, declined greatly since 1918. The culture of Vienna, like that of Paris, is a mellow, aging one. But, by an amazing turn of the wheel of fate, "poor little Austria" is now in far better condition than her so recently immensely more powerful, and domineering, German neighbor.

And it was my feeling that the Austrians had preserved their spirit better than have the Czechs, in somewhat similar circumstances. The seven-year German occupation in no way succeeded in Prussianizing them. They are still very much the Austrians whom I remember from ten and fifteen years ago. And these "soft" people are standing up with quite surprising firmness to the attempted Russian penetration.

No Eastward Dreams

There is none of the confusion of spirit evident here which I found in Czechoslovakia. There, old pan-Slavist doctrines have brought on a confusing spiritual struggle: "Shall we remain with the West, or turn to the East?" Here, the people haven't even dreamed of turning eastward.

The Russians, as I see it, are quite baffled as to how to go about winning Austria. They have no real political bridgehead here, as they have in Czechoslovakia, Yugoslavia and Bulgaria. Communism has never made any headway in Austria because democratic Socialism made such a fine record and proved to people it could offer an incomparably better life than Communism.

This conviction of past years has been immensely strengthened by the reaction of the gentlemen from "the workers' paradise" when they found that workers in Vienna lived "like bourgeois", in unbelievable comfort,—and looted their possessions.

Culturally the Russians have even less of an opening in Austria than politically. There could hardly be a sharper contrast than that between the raw, harsh and intolerant culture of Soviet Russia and the mellow, humanistic and tolerant culture of Austria. The Soviets simply have no place to begin here.

This is apparently why they are now concentrating on gaining an economic stranglehold on the country as the only way of perpetuating their influence in this strategic centre of Europe when, or if, they evacuate their occupation force. This is why the struggle of the four occupation powers is now centred on the question of the recent seizure of "German assets" by the Soviets.

The Soviets have seized quite arbitrarily, in the last few weeks, concerns making up 60 per cent of Austrian heavy industry, estates including some of the best land in the country, the oil fields and the Danube Shipping Company, which handles a large part of the commerce of Central Europe and the Balkans and has its headquarters in Vienna. In the latter case, the Soviets simply marched a platoon into the British sector, occupied the shipping company offices, and defied us to eject them.

The Soviets demand these assets as reparations, quoting the Potsdam Declaration. But Potsdam specified that the powers must agree first on what were truly German assets. Obviously there was never any intention of declaring "German" all the factories and installations which the Germans seized in many lands, including Russia, in the years 1938-45.

Facts on Ownership

The facts concerning the properties which have been seized in Austria, which I have from an incontestable source, are that as of March 1938, when the Germans marched in, 84 of the 85 estates concerned were purely Austrian in ownership; 67 of the industrial concerns were Austrian-owned with some foreign, but non-German participation; 11 firms had from seven to fifty per cent of German capital; and 47 firms were between fifty and one hundred per cent German. Perhaps the weakest point in the Russian claim is that 18 of the estates which they have seized were Jewish before the Germans forced their sale at sacrifice prices in 1938.

This situation is being brought to a crisis by the vote of the Austrian parliament to nationalize all major industries. This will become legally effective 31 days after notice of it is given to the Allied Control Commission. If by that date the Soviets still maintained their present stand, they would be defying the other occupying powers, as well as the Austrian Government, and a first-class crisis would be precipitated. The latter has so far withheld the presentation of the bill to the Control Council, and the Soviet representative has called a special meeting of the Council to ask it to reject any such presentation.

What the outcome will be no one in Vienna knows. But this is the sort of thing which urges Byrnes and Bevin to get the peace treaty for Austria settled as soon as possible and the occupying forces out. The Soviets are just as clearly intent on delaying any peace treaty until they have some secure grip on the country—and in this case an economic grip seems the only one possible for them.

The struggle is all the more acute in this sector because, as most Allied authorities in Vienna appear to believe, the Russians have by no means decided that they will remain indefinitely in occupation of Eastern Austria. Already, according to official Austrian information, the Red Army occupation force has been reduced since the end of last year from half a million men to 80,000—though this is still more than the combined forces of the other three occupants.

Contagious Paradise?

Few British or Austrian officials were willing to assert definitely that they were sure that the Russians would go home. But it was thought that they wouldn't care to have their troops left in contact with life beyond the borders of paradise, and with the Austrian mentality, for any long period, nor would they care constantly to introduce new troops into such surroundings. Besides, they will need their men at home, war losses of young men having been very heavy.

Vienna is full of stories about the Russians, from those which women still tell with a shudder, of the first weeks of the occupation, to some which happened during my stay. On the day we arrived, my conducting officer was watching some children swimming in the Danube Canal, in the heart of the residential district. When a couple of the bigger boys swam near a bridge, a Russian sentry posted on it fired his rifle in the air and waved them to keep away.

As to the early days, a little old lady, spirited and intelligent, told me that during the time the water supply was cut off in the taps, the women would always gather in fives and sixes to go several blocks to draw it in pails. House doors were kept locked all the time, and when there was a knock at night and people looking out from the windows saw one or several Russians below, they would all shout "Help, Police!" at the top of their lungs, and the whole street would join in and keep it up until the men made off, or the Russian military patrol came along.

Victory Orgy

They were not shouting for fun: it is estimated by responsible Viennese that during the first day of the Russian occupation 80,000 women young and old, were raped. The aftermath of this was that, after the British, French and Americans came in the Russian garrison felt keenly the difference between the attitude of the Viennese towards our troops, with whom they talked and associated freely, and towards them, whom they shunned completely.

Even today, as another correspondent told me, the first question which a Russian colonel asked him when he stopped him after taking a girl home "deep in Russia", late at night, was "Tell me, what do the Viennese girls say about us?" My friend was quick-witted. He said, "My dear colonel, your Russian officers have *spoiled* them; a civilian has no chance any more."

In the early days, when Russian soldiers—and "Russian" in this sense covers a great many primitive peoples from Central Asia—looted the famous apartment houses of the Viennese Socialists, and the people protested that they, too, were workers, the answer was always: "How can you be workers when you live like bourgeois?"

The universally practised trick of asking for the time and then grabbing a person's watch led to a famous incident which is still recounted. In the first movie house reopened in Vienna the Russians were showing a newsreel of the Potsdam Conference. When Stalin entered the picture and walked over towards Churchill with his hand outstretched some wit in the audience shouted "Oori!", and broke up the show. The Russians tried to find the offender, without success, then closed the show until a new film was secured.

It was doubtless the same Viennese wit who dubbed the statue of a Red Army man in heroic pose, which the Russians erected to themselves, "the statue to the Unknown Looter". In Berlin, Prague and Vienna I have come across these monuments to the Russian liberators, tributes which would have had somewhat more validity and comprehension had they been erected by the "liberated", in genuine gratitude.

Desertion

The excesses of the first weeks do seem, however, to have been due mainly to a breakdown in discipline and to sheer primitiveness. Red Army deserters in the whole Central European area are estimated in the tens of thousands. Many have been rounded up and others are in D.P. camps, but some still operate in gangs in the mountains of Czechoslovakia, Austria, Rumania and Bulgaria, invariably described by the Soviet authorities as "men of Vlasov", the renegade Ukrainian general recently executed.

As to the primitiveness, the stories are illuminating. One person whom I met saw three Russian soldiers practising riding down a hill in Grinzing on nice, new "liberated" bicycles. (And as far as that goes quite a lot of odds and ends were "liberated" by our own troops in Europe.) When after several hours, only one of the Russians persisted in his new pleasure, a lad came wheeling around a corner, whistling, with his hands in his pockets, on an old lady's model bike. The Russian stopped him in wonder at this superior machine, forced him without any difficulty to trade, went up the hill and rode down with his hands in his pockets and came a cropper, while the lad made off with the shiny new bike! In the same way, another person told me that a Russian came up to him, saying "Oori!", and when he heard his cheap watch ticking away merrily, kept it and handed him over three far more expensive watches—which had stopped running and wouldn't tick any more!

I trust the reader won't think that these stories are mere malicious gossip. They have some significance when you hear that a common saying among Russian soldiers in Berlin and Vienna is, "We don't want to go home until we have water that comes from the wall, light that comes from the ceiling, and the magic talking machine (the telephone)."

The recognition of their backwardness which has been forced on them in contradiction to years of propaganda that everything in Sovietland is best, also helps to explain some of the reactions of Russian officers. True, many of them actually do seem to believe still that they made the Sherman tank, and some of our other Lend-Lease machines. A young British Guards officer, one of the finest types I have met on my trip, told me of the battles he had with three Russian colonels and three majors whom he escorted for ten weeks in Allied territory.

Coming upon a squadron of British Shermans, they said, "Ah, you have some of our tanks." He answered in surprise that they were, of course, Shermans which had been given to them by the Americans, just as they had been given to the Red Army. This dented the Russian convictions no whit. So the next time they came upon Shermans, the British officer took his Russian guests over and pointed to the signs inside, in English. "But naturally," the Russians replied, "when we make them for export we put on signs in English."

Gift-Horse Looking

Meeting a convoy of Chevrolet trucks brought up the question of where they were made. In this case the Russians admitted that the Chevrolet was made in America. The Soviet Government had recognized that it was the best one for the job, so had bought them. (So much for the three hundred thousand Lend-Lease trucks on which the Red Army rolled to victory.) The jeep, too, had been selected, bought and paid for by the Soviets, it seemed.

The Rolls-Royce produced a different angle. The Briton, anxious to call attention to a British achievement, quoted the Rolls-Royce engines. Yes, the Russian officers had heard of them, and they were very good—but made by the Americans. When the Briton said he had been in the factory in Britain and seen them being assembled, the Russians answered that of course some might be assembled in Britain, after being made in the States.

In exasperation, the Briton fibbed that he knew the British inventor, and had seen the drawings. The Russians replied that anyone could say they had invented it. Next day, the Briton overheard one of the Russians telling a compatriot about the Rolls-Royce engine "which was made in Britain". But they never admitted this to him. That would have meant loss of face, after the stand they had taken.

This attitude came out too, in their request for various things of which they were obviously short in their own supply department, but which they invariably demanded as a right, rather than requested as a favor, and received with appropriate thanks. Very early they asked for British clothes: shirts, underwear, sox and shoes. Of course, they "had plenty in their own stores back in Vienna". So the Briton suggested that it would probably be simpler to have the things sent forward to them, than to secure the necessary permit to draw on British stores.

Squeaking Wheel

Well, it seemed that their permits in their own stores "ran out" if they were away over a fortnight. They pressed the matter, and with some trouble the Briton secured quite a pile of shirts and underwear and sox for the six Russians, and brought them to their quarters. They looked at them, and asked "where are the shoes?" That was all they ever said about the matter.

Later, they asked for a radio to be put in each of their rooms. The British officer did manage to secure one radio—upon which he was asked "where are the other five?" When he had occasion to go to their quarters afterwards, the Briton always found them listening to American jazz. They had asked for the radios to "listen to Moscow". And they invariably explained that reception from Moscow was too bad that evening.

They were quite decent chaps in their way, my friend insisted. It was just that they belonged to an utterly different world. As a different kind of story, a woman told me that she had found herself in a street-car without fare money, and a Russian officer came over, paid her fare, and went back to his seat.

But there should be at least a little about the Austrians themselves in an article on Austria. Entering the country I had it impressed on me afresh that they are an exceptionally attractive people, one with whom one gets on very easily. Coming into the American zone on the Upper Danube I was at once struck by the number of newly-painted houses, the cleanly dressed people, the amount of repair work which has been done in towns and villages, and the number of new houses built with all the old craftmanship.

Low Rations

This is in the countryside where people have enough to eat and work on, and where damage is generally so small that a little extra effort will bring things "back to normal". In Linz and Vienna conditions are very different. Where there is a lot of damage, which will obviously take years to repair, it is harder to begin on it with any heart. (Vienna appears to be damaged somewhat more than London but not in comparison to any large German city.) Besides, the people in the Austrian cities just haven't the energy, on the lowest rations of Europe.

It was in Vienna, for the first time on this trip, that I saw people walking slowly and with effort, or sitting apathetically on the benches along the boulevards. A fraction of the

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U.N.R.R.A. help which has poured into the roaring Italian black market would have made a lot of difference in Vienna.

Then, industry and commerce are almost at a complete standstill in Vienna and other Austrian cities, waiting on Big Four agreement as to the disposition of industry, and quite without raw materials to work with. The situation has come to the point where, if you want a pair of shoes repaired, the man will ask you to bring in the sole leather, thread and nails. If you want shirts made, as an acquaintance of mine did, after bringing in the material and the buttons from Italy (where textiles are in great profusion), you are likely to be asked for thread.

The Austrians are still excellent workers, and they are not lazy. In the main agricultural area, Russian-occupied Lower Austria, in spite of a shortage of 80,000 farm workers, 6,000 horses and 1,800 tractors, the entire area was sown to crop this year. It may prove to be another thing to collect and distribute this food production equally among the population, urban and country, since there are scarcely any goods to offer the farmers in exchange. That is much the same everywhere in Europe.

Blue Plate Special

But there is hardly any black marketing in Vienna, and out in company with some 20 people one night, I found only one who knew of a black market restaurant. He worked on a socialist paper, and only a few days ago when they published a letter denouncing a black market restaurant they received a dozen letters the next day asking for its address! There is, however, one notable exception. The Soviets operate one of the seized Danube river steamers on a short evening cruise out of the city, serving dinner at 300 Schillings, or thirty dollars.

Few can have such loose money, for all the old currency has been called in, and people limited to 150 Schillings of the new money, with a drawing account of 150 Schillings a month on top of their wages. Similar drastic currency operations have been carried through successfully in Belgium and Czechoslovakia, and are badly needed in France and Italy.

I spent some interesting hours with that vigorous British Laborite Jenny Lee, wife of Aneurin Bevan, in her search for the truth of how the Viennese were living and the need for continued British aid after U.N.R.R.A. ceases. Of this she was left in no doubt.

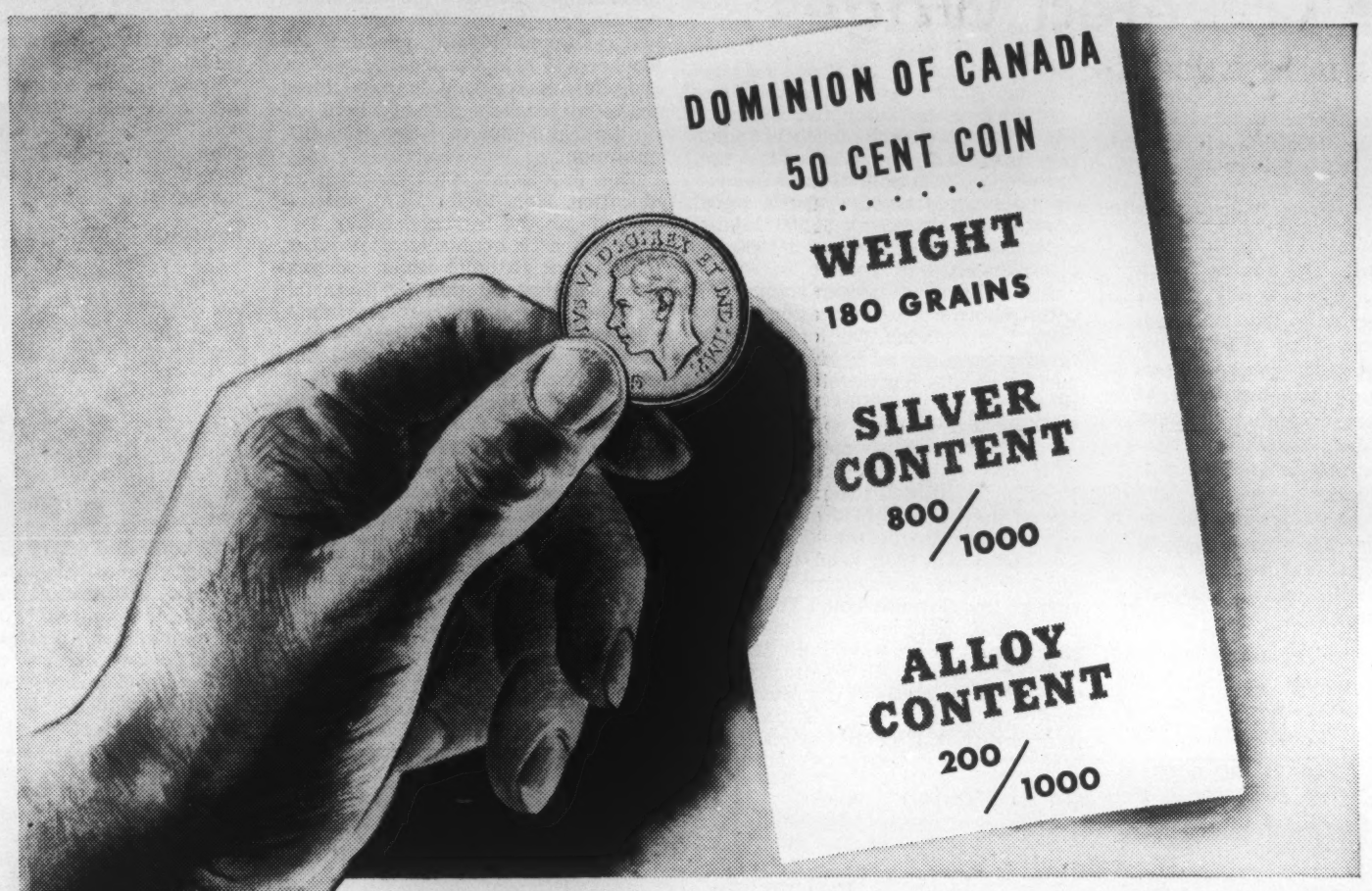
One of the things which amazed her was the discovery that some factories in the Vienna area trade some of their production directly to farmers to secure food to give their workers lunch, off the ration. Miss Lee's first reaction was "black marketing". But our Viennese companions explained that it was just elementary self-help. How could people work on 900 calories a day?

Barter Broken

One of the government's efforts to restart industry has been to offer iron ore to Czechoslovakia in exchange for coal. The deal was made: a car of iron ore for two cars of coal. Then the Czechs wanted to reduce it to a car and a half of coal, and since most of the coal would then have been used up in hauling the iron ore, the exchange fell through.

Under such immense and complicated difficulties Austrian industrial and urban life lies stagnant—while life goes on in the country, although far from prosperously. Yet in spite of everything there are still optimists who assert that if they could get the peace settled, the occupation armies off their back, and some kind of a chance, they could make the country a going concern again.

I am inclined to agree with them. But will they get the chance? Without it, without any idea of their future, or of how much their industry is to be stripped from them, and without some freeing of trade in the Danubian region and to the outer world, they are doomed to live and die in a poor-house. Fortunately, they are still borne up by the friendly attitude of the Western powers, and by the hope that our efforts to get a favorable treaty may yet succeed.



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SAVE FOR YOURSELF . . . AND YOU SAVE FOR CANADA

Quebec Teachers Fume over Lowered Wages

By ELIZABETH NORRIE

The Quebec Department of Education is confronted again with a salary problem involving their women teachers. Dynamic Leo Guindon, president of the Corporation Générale, is fighting for the teachers. The trouble began last spring when a bill passed by the provincial legislature set the minimum salary at $600. This summer when it came to contract-signing time hundreds of teachers were informed that $600 was to be their board's top price. So the teachers refused to sign their contracts.

Miss Elizabeth Norrie, Education Editor for the Montreal Gazette, says that 200,000 rural Catholic pupils will be affected by the outcome.

WILL several thousand Quebec Catholic women teachers work for $600 next year, or will doors of hundreds or rural schools remain closed?

It was an answer to this question which the Quebec government, department of education, and teachers' association officials were seeking this week, as they found themselves confronted, for the second summer in succession, with an education crisis involving teachers, salaries, and contracts, and threatening paralysis of the education system.

Affected are an estimated 5,000 rural women, or approximately 45 per cent of the province's 11,000 French-speaking teachers.

The core of the problem is the misinterpretation of a recent government enactment on the part of more than 1,000 small Catholic school commissions.

Central figure in the battle scene is dynamic, U.S.-born Leo Guindon, the diminutive French-speaking teachers' president who has steered his flock through crises before this, and who says now, "If the school commissions don't want to pay, there won't be any schools open."

Yet Leo Guindon is no strike-maker. True, the word "strike" (*"la grève"* in French) cropped up last summer when Montreal Catholic teachers were up against a school board which said, in essence, "We know you won a case against us in arbitration proceedings but we have no money to pay you your awards. What are you going to do about it?"

It cropped up again this summer when Verdun Catholic teachers found that promised pay raises were not forthcoming (Catholic women teachers in that Montreal suburb were working on a $625 — $1,200 salary scale and Catholic men on a $900 — $2,500 scale.)

It's cropping up now in connection with Quebec's latest education poser.

But Leo Guindon, who only speaks broken English, and who, for the past two years has devoted full time to the organization of the French Catholic teachers, has so far managed to direct each campaign with the skill of a symphony conductor. The French Catholic teachers with one accord have surged towards strike votes, and with the tide turned, and Leo Guindon at their head, they managed to effect government intervention at the eleventh hour. There are those that confidently believe that government intervention will once again be necessary to counteract the threatened paralysis of the province's rural education system, and that such intervention will be forthcoming.

No Arbitration

The trouble all began last spring when the controversial Bill 48—"An Act to Ensure the Progress of Education" was passed by the provincial legislature. In that bill was a clause which set $600 as the legal minimum salary for Quebec teachers, but which added: "—no dispute between male or female teachers and school commissioners or trustees, in rural municipalities, as to problems of remuneration or working conditions, can be submitted to arbitration or conciliation commissions or committees."

It so happened that many rural Catholic school commissions, through the efforts of the Corporation Générale des Instituteurs et Institutrices Catholiques de la Province de Quebec, had recently agreed to a $600-$900 salary scale for their teachers. Catholic men were fairly well satisfied with this, but their satisfaction has been short-lived. This summer, when it came to contract-signing time, hundreds of these rural boards informed the teachers that $600 was their top price, and that collective agreements, signed last year with their staffs, were out.

The weapon of arbitration taken out of their hands, the teachers turned to their professional organization for advice. That advice has been not to sign any personal contracts with school boards and to hold out for the salaries to which the teachers are entitled according to salary scales in effect last year (the majority of these scales, where scales existed, granted $50 yearly increments within the $600-$800 or $600-$900 range). According to Mr. Guindon, the Corporation Générale president, "very few teachers indeed" have signed personal contracts, and the vast majority of the 8,500 rural Catholic women teachers will remain firm in their intention not to return to classes until their rightful salaries of $700, $750, $800, $850, or even $900 have been guaranteed.

Martyrs

Said Mr. Guidon, "If I were a woman, I wouldn't say work for $800 a year—I'd say 'no work' for less than $1,000". "Women," he added, "are the martyrs in this business."

At least one school board has gone further than taking the $600 minimum as a maximum. Information has reached Mr. Guindon's Montreal office that the Catholic school commission of l'Assomption (some 15 miles from Montreal) "fired" its six women teachers, informing them, verbally, that the reason for their dismissal was the fact that they were members of the Federation Catholique des Institutrices Rurales, which last December, along with the Federation Provinciale des Instituteurs Ruraux and the Federation des Instituteurs et Institutrices Catholiques des Cités et Villes de la Province de Quebec, was incorporated into the Corporation Générale.

Corporation Générale lawyers were immediately assigned the task of ascertaining whether this was sufficient reason for legal dismissal of the teachers. But, in the meantime, l'Assomption is reported to have hired six young teachers (one of whom has no teacher's diploma) for the $600 minimum.

The provincial superintendant of education, Hon. Victor Doré, entered the lists on the teachers' behalf last June, when he sent a circular letter to all rural Catholic school commissions pointing out that $600 was the new legal minimum, not maximum, and urging all commissions to pay, during the 1946-47 school years, the same salaries they paid in 1945-46, where those salaries were above the $600 mark.

True, many school boards claim, undoubtedly justly, in many cases, that they cannot afford to pay higher than $600, but teachers charge that in other instances boards are taking advantage of the "no arbitration" clause of Bill 48 to reduce rural teachers to a worse state of penuriousness than any they have experienced during the last few years, when wartime teacher shortages forced school boards to augment meagre salaries in a meagre manner.

All of which brings up the question of teacher shortage in French Quebec (Quebec has a dual education system, with religion as the dividing line). The teachers' provincial organization estimates that there were 1,357 Catholic women instructors teaching on permit in Quebec schools last year. "There was a shortage even without any added difficulties," said Mr. Guindon. "Think what there will be this year if rural teachers refuse to return to work!"

Teacher Shortage

The situation with regard to the Quebec Catholic teacher shortage appears vague, however, since Dr. B. O. Filteau, provincial director of Catholic education, stated recently, in an interview, that although there would probably be a shortage of rural teachers during the beginning of the year, schools would be fully staffed "a little later on."

But that was before this business of rural women teachers and the $600 minimum salary came to a head.

Last year at this time it looked as if both Protestant and Catholic schools in Montreal would be closed in September. Protestant schools would close because the Montreal Protestant Central School Board declared itself unable to offer its 1,600 teachers full-term contracts by reason of the inability to guarantee salaries for a full year, while the 1,600 teachers viewed short-term contracts as illegal and would have none of them. Catholic schools would be forced to close because the retroactive salary increases and the collective agreement awarded the 2,000 lay teachers by an arbitration board, although approved by the Montreal Catholic School Commission were not implemented.

This year some 200,000 rural Catholic pupils and several thousand teachers (there are 8,500 rural Catholic woman teachers, more than half of whom have reported trouble with their school boards), will be affected unless a settlement is brought about between the boards and teachers.

Last week at a meeting of the Provincial Secretary Hon. Omer Coté, and representatives of the teachers and rural commissioners, it was announced that by new education laws subsidies up to 75 per cent may be paid by the government. Representatives of the teachers have taken hope from the announcement. However, it would not be certain before the end of the month whether the commissioners would in turn be generous towards the teachers, and pay more than the $600 minimum. Rural teachers were meeting again this week in convention at Murray Bay to thresh out the matter.

Aerial view of Borden Common, England, where 20,000 war vehicles of all types will shortly be auctioned. The railroad which carried thousands of Canadians between London and Borden camp is back of the trees.

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LONDON LETTER

Oxford Has Its Problems as the Birthplace of Lord Nuffield

By P. O'D.

London.

BECAUSE some sixty years or so ago a small boy, small even for his age, began his business career by mending bicycles for five shillings a week in Oxford, that beautiful city has become a serious problem to itself. The small boy grew up to own a little bicycle shop, to go into the garage business, to start assembling motor cars on his own in the suburb of Cowley, to found Morris Motors, to become Lord Nuffield, and so to turn Oxford into a great industrial centre. That is the problem.

Except for the enterprise and ability of Lord Nuffield and the accident of his having been born there, Oxford would still probably be a university and market town, with the spirit of the Middle Ages brooding over its quiet and lovely streets and walls and gardens. It offers no special attractions to the industrialist, no supplies of raw material, no handy sources of power. But industry is a gregarious beast, and one great establishment tends to attract others. Already the ancient city is the centre of a vast industrial development which threatens to submerge it.

No one really is to blame—certainly not Lord Nuffield, who is a most loyal and devoted son of Oxford Town. There are his immense benefactions to the University as evidence of his pride in it, and his desire to further its welfare in every way possible. It is simply that the seed he planted has grown at such a pace that, like the ivy, it is climbing all over the parent oak.

The City of Oxford itself now has a population of over 100,000, practically double what it was in 1912, when William Morris first began making motor cars; and it is the centre of a huge suburban development, so that the population of the entire area is very much greater.

It is true that what might be called the University Town is still intact. No one is proposing to build a factory alongside Magdalen or the Bodleian, but, naturally, such an inrushing tide of population threatens to change the whole character of the place. Already its streets are crowded with what is really alien traffic.

Just what can be done to save the old Oxford is at present rather hard to see, especially as industry now enjoys priority rights over almost everything else. But that something should be done must be obvious to all, and not only to college dons. The beauty and character of Oxford is a precious national heritage—indeed one might say, an international one. Any serious damage to that would be a calamity, for which no amount of industrial expansion would be a sufficient compensation.

Dominion of Scotland?

Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled don't see any good reason why they shouldn't have a considerably larger voice in the management of their own affairs. If Eire and Northern Ireland have their own governments, why not Scotland? No one surely can suggest that the Scotch are less fitted for Home Rule. Don't they run most of the Empire? Now they want to run Scotland too.

This is not a new movement. For sixty years or so proposals for Scottish Home Rule in one form or another have been coming up every now and then in Parliament. None of them has got very far. The subject has even become a sort of traditional joke—but not north o' the Border. Up there they take it very seriously, and just now the ancient bee is once again buzzing loudly in the bonnet. It is still very much alive.

The difficulty in the past has been that Scotsmen never seemed able to agree on what sort of Home Rule they wanted and just how much of it. There are a few red-hot Nationalists—though very few—who demand something not unlike Dominion Status. But the average Scot is far too well aware of the manifold advantages of the Union to be willing to forego them. He wants to have it both ways.

At present an earnest attempt is apparently being made to reconcile these different points of view. Just recently at the annual meeting of the Scottish Convention, a resolution was passed calling for a National Assembly in Scotland that would represent all shades of opinion and all the various interests concerned, and would come to agreement on a policy to be put before the British Government.

Everything turns on that, an agreed policy. If the Scots can only make up their own minds, there seems to be little doubt they will get what want. Neither is there much doubt that there is some need of change. Scottish affairs at present are not receiving the attention they should. The Government simply hasn't the time. It has too many national or nationalized fish to fry. So why shouldn't the Scots fry their own?

Cooperatives Want a Paper

One of the really amazing commercial developments in this country has been the growth of the Cooperative movement. Chains of shops, factories, farms, hotels — and now, as seems likely, a daily newspaper. At a recent congress the delegates voted by a large majority for the establishment of a daily as soon as possible. They were not deterred by the warning that for a number of years such a newspaper could not be expected to bridge "the advertising gap," which would amount to about £12,500 a week.

Obviously, ordinary commercial concerns are not going to contribute to a newspaper published by a movement which is out to take as much as possible of their business away from them. Such revenues can be expected only from concerns allied in one way or another with the movement. These concerns may be numerous, and notoriously the "Co-ops" are very rich. But a steady drain of £12,500 a week is not one to be lightly undertaken. And they will be lucky if it is only that.

Daily newspapers are expensive things. Besides, "kept" newspapers of this sort are seldom very good ones. But if that is how they want to spend their money — well, why should a newspaperman complain?

Disappearing Tails

The Eton-Harrow cricket match has always been one of the great sartorial occasions of the year. At least, so it used to be. Nowhere else did you see so many tails and grey or shining black toppers. To go in anything else was to have everyone suspect that you had really come to look at the gas meters or inspect the drains, and had slipped out uninvited to see something of the play. At a Buckingham Palace garden party you might get by in a lounge suit, and arouse no worse suspicion than that you were a Labor M.P. But not at Lord's for the Eton-Harrow. There it had to be tails and topper, or you were made to feel like the victim in a Bateman drawing.

This year, however, it was quite the other way around. If you went in the traditional regalia, as a friend of mine did, you were unmercifully ragged by all who knew you—except the kinder ones, who suspected that the moths had eaten up all the rest of your wardrobe. My friend, elderly and rather formal, was very sick about it.

"They looked like a collection of rat catchers," he said. "Might have been the Varsity match, with all those college dons turning up in pipes and rumpled tweeds. And the food was awful—not a bottle of fizzy to be seen anywhere. These infernal Socialists are spoiling everything. People seem afraid to dress like gentlemen any more. Soon we'll all be wearing handkerchiefs knotted around our necks instead of collars."

My heart bled for him, and we wept aloud.

Fun For Their Lordships

Lately the House of Lords has been having a lot of good clean fun defeating the Government. No less than four times in the last few weeks have their Lordships looked over the exercise-papers which the naughty boys of the Commons have sent up to them, and have made corrections in them with large blue pencils—the same blue as the blood. And then they have sent them back with caustic comments.

Twice has this happened over the Coal Bill (the one to nationalize the industry), once over the Borrowing Bill, and once over a matter of agricultural policy. Not over the large fundamental principles of these Bills it is true, but over matters of detail sufficiently important in three of these cases to raise what is ominously called "a constitutional issue." The operation has been in the nature of determined sniping, with some very pretty shooting by the coronetted old gentlemen in the hedges.

It might be expected that the Government would get very hot and bothered, and would signal up some of its heavy artillery to deal with these road-blocks. The Government has done nothing of the kind. On the contrary, it has accepted the emendations by their Lordships with an almost courtly grace. In this very constitutional country it is realized that the House of Lords is only performing its constitutional duty—and a very valuable one.

With important Bills being rushed through the House of Commons at the present breathless pace, it is inevitable that there should be a lot of loose ends flapping about in the breeze. Their Lordships have been carefully tying them up—with the emphasis on "carefully". They mustn't start tying the things up tight around the neck. Otherwise there might be a sound of tumbrils rattling over the stones in the distance.

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BRITISH COLUMBIA LETTER

West Coast Fruit, Fish and Eggs Move Day and Night to Britain

By P. W. LUCE

Vancouver.

BRITISH Columbia is doing its fair share in feeding hungry Britons. It is even going short of one of its favorite foodstuffs, canned salmon, which has been practically off the market since early in 1945. Of the total pack of 1,467,000 cases of 48 pounds each, only 300,000 were allocated to the whole of Canada. The average for British Columbians worked out at about two ounces of the canned goods, but we did get an occasional slice of fresh fish.

Since neither pilchards nor herrings are considered delicacies, housewives were quite willing to see Britain get the whole of the pilchard pack, 75,000 cases, and share with U.N.R.R.A. in the 1,150,000 cases of herring.

Three million pounds of frozen halibut went to the British Food Mission last year, but that left a substantial quantity for local consumption. This season only half as much is going across the ocean. The English and Scottish fishermen are back on the job in large numbers. Fish is unrationed, but John Bull is fed up with fish. He wants meat, and is getting approximately one pound a week.

This province does not provide enough beef to supply its own needs, but somehow managed to ship 5,000,000 pounds to Britain last year, or half a week's ration for one half of the population. It was the first overseas beef shipment from B.C., but an undetermined quantity will be sent this fall.

Fruits and vegetables have also gone forward in large quantities. This year the Okanagan fruit growers have been asked for 850,000 boxes of apples, and it is hoped this order will be filled.

At least $1,000,000 worth of raspberries and greengage treefruit pulp will go forward this season for British jam factories. The raspberries are packed in barrels with a sulphur dioxide solution for a preservative.

The barrels, as well as fruit boxes and other containers, are manufactured in the province, which also has a big export trade in empties.

Palestine took 3,500,000 containers for oranges and other citrus fruits in 1945, but the recent wage boost and other production cost increases will compel the manufacturers to raise the price ten cents per box, and may have a serious effect on repeat orders.

Eggs from B.C. entered the British market on a large scale last year for the first time. However, it is doubtful if they can compete with produce from Holland and Denmark when conditions return to normal. They are every bit as good, but the European countries can cut prices because of lower transportation costs. The province sent 78,040,000 eggs last year, not quite two eggs per inhabitant of the British Isles.

Large quantities of dehydrated vegetables, canned milk, milk powder, and various concentrated foods, will continue to be shipped overseas so long as the economic factors permit, but producers are wary of taking on new contracts under present conditions. Shipping continues to be a difficult problem.

Meantime Britons will continue to live on a monotonous diet for a long time to come. A returned visitor made the sage remark that the only way a Canadian can get enough to eat overseas is to arrange to have food parcels mailed to him regularly from home.

Labor Restlessness

Twenty per cent of British Columbia's wage earners are affected by Labor Minister Pearson's ruling that the National War Labor Board's 10-cent wage limit increase is not to be too strictly interpreted in this province, and that all cases will be decided on their merits. His announcement may have stopped a general strike.

Included among the 53,000 workers who were showing decided signs of restlessness were the following:

32,000 coastal woodworkers, recently granted a 15-cent increase whose case was up for review by the N.W.-L.B.

4,000 steel shipyard workers, asking for 15-cents an hour raise, and 700 longshoremen, asking 18 cents, both before the N.W.L.B. for decision.

1200 steelworkers and 800 wooden boatyard workers, both before the Regional War Labor Board for a 15-cent increase.

Temporarily restricted to 10-cent increases, but asking for reconsideration by the R.W.L.B.: 3000 building trades workers, 400 machinists.

Asking for 15-cent increases, with negotiations proceeding: 2500 hard rock miners now on strike, 800 foundry workers, and 2800 street railway employees who have voted, by a small majority, to go on strike. These latter include women conductors, most of whom are believed to have voted against accepting the B.C. Electric Railway Company's offer of various concessions instead of the pay increases sought by the workers.

Chinese Lecturers

Two famous Chinese men of letters have started a fact-finding tour across Canada under the sponsorship of the Dominion government. They are Shu Sheh-yu, whose best known work is "Rickshaw Boy," and Wan Chia-pao, whose first play "Thunderstorm," which won wide acclaim in 1935, is an exposé of the evils of the traditional family system which stifles ambition and enterprise in the younger generation.

The two literateurs will spend some time in all the major Canadian cities, and will contribute their impressions to Chinese and English magazines. Both studied in London, and will give addresses to Canadian Clubs and other organizations.

Sport Revivals

Pee-wee golf, which enjoyed continent-wide popularity for a brief period seventeen years ago, is to be reintroduced to Vancouver by a war veteran, E. A. McGirr. The city had thirty midget courses in 1929.

Outdoor checkers are such a big attraction in Vancouver that the Parks Board has been asked to erect a building in Stanley Park where players can indulge in their favorite pastime when it is raining so hard that onlookers get discouraged and go away. The players themselves never quit until darkness sets in.

The enthusiasts have asked for a building 100 feet by 30, with four large checker boards, 16 chess and checker tables, and seating accommodation for 300. The claim is made that more persons watch the Stanley Parks games in the course of a year than come to the Symphony concerts in summer, and this may not be much of an exaggeration. Certainly it is not unusual for spectators to be four or five deep around the board.

Several of the smaller parks have checker boards, always well patronized, though the players are nearly always the same. Kibitzing is practically unknown.

Site for Television

The top of Grouse Mountain, easily accessible by automobile from Vancouver, is a particularly favorable position for transmission of television and frequency modulation broadcasting, both of which have a somewhat limited range. Transmitters on this peak could serve about half a million listeners in Vancouver, North Vancouver, Nanaimo, New Westminster, and the Fraser Valley. Victoria would be out of range.

Lieut.-Colonel Kirt R. Swinton, manager of the electronics division of the R.C.A. Victor Company, Montreal, considers Grouse Mountain an almost ideal site for television broadcasting. He promises that frequency modulation receivers will soon be on the market that will be able to receive both the old and the new type of service.

B.C. Mineral Increase

Minerals valued at $61,000,000 were dug out of B.C. in 1945, according to a report released by Hon. E. C. Carson, minister of mines. This shows an increase of $6,000,000 in gross values over the 1944 returns. Coal production dropped from $8,200,000 to $6,100,000, but lead and zinc increased from $12,000,000 to $16,700,000. Copper dropped one-third, but higher prices brought in $3,200,000 as against $4,300,000.

Fishermen's Rewards

Spring salmon fishermen have been making mighty good money this season. Some of the small boats operating off Cape Scott have made as much as $2,000.00 in a single day, and scores of men have brought up fish worth several hundred dollars in one run. Halibut men frequently earn $30 a day while they are on the water, this including the time taken in travelling to and from the banks. Gillnetters average $125.00 a week for the season, and occasionally take in up to $1,000.00 a day. Seiners earn $5,000.00 a year, or even more.

Fishing is hard work, and luck plays a big part in the returns. Some men finish the season with little to show for their exertions, but they are the exceptions. Those who toil with boats and nets must be of good physique, willing to work long hours and do with little sleep, endure hardship and face hazards, but they get their just rewards. Fishing is said to pay higher earnings for the time actually devoted to it than any other primary industry. In many cases, the capital investment is small, though occasionally it may run as high as $20,000.

Indian Rights

In their demands for the general betterment of educational and health conditions on their reserves and settlements, the Indians of British Columbia have put forward the argument that their hereditary title to the lands of the province has never been extinguished by law, with the exception of the Songhees Reserve, in Victoria.

The British Parliament ignored a request for the necessary funds in 1871, and nothing was done until 1920, when the Indians approached the Dominion Government for a fiat to sue through the Privy Council. This was not granted.

For the next seven years the question was discussed in a desultory fashion, and then a parliamentary committee was formed to consider the request of the Indians.

There the matter rests.

Another Lobster Experiment

A second attempt is being made to raise Atlantic lobsters in B.C. waters. Three thousand crustaceans are being placed in a sheltered lagoon at Departure Bay, near Nanaimo, and around Lasquiti Island, under the direction of the Biological Board of Canada. The B.C. Canners, Ltd., is financing the experiment, and it will be from ten to fifteen years before the success or failure of the experiment is definitely known.

The Natural Fisheries Research Board does not know whether there are lobster parasites or natural enemies in B.C. waters, whether the proper foodstuffs grow on the rocks, or whether breeding conditions are propitious.

The first attempt to transport lobsters was made about 30 years ago, when several hundred were shipped in boxes from the Maritimes. So as to prevent the lobsters from injuring each other on the journey their claws were wired to their bodies.

The men who dropped the lobsters into the water neglected to cut the wires.

Fuel Deposits Await Railway

An exclusive franchise will be given to the P.G.E. Railway, to operate buses 300 miles from Prince George to Dawson Creek, according to Premier John Hart. It will cost approximately $10,000,000 to put the road in shape to handle passengers and light freight.

The extension of the railway north from Quesnel, which has been promised for 30 years, must still wait until a definite route is decided upon.

The reported discovery of coal in the Hudson Hope area may make it advisable to by-pass the Dawson Creek farming territory. The fuel deposits cannot be developed without railway facilities, but there must be a million tons a year available to justify the building of the branch line. So many millions have already been sunk in the P.G.E. that the authorities are chary of incurring further expenses.

Four survey parties are now in the field. Their work will take two years, and will cost $250,000.00.

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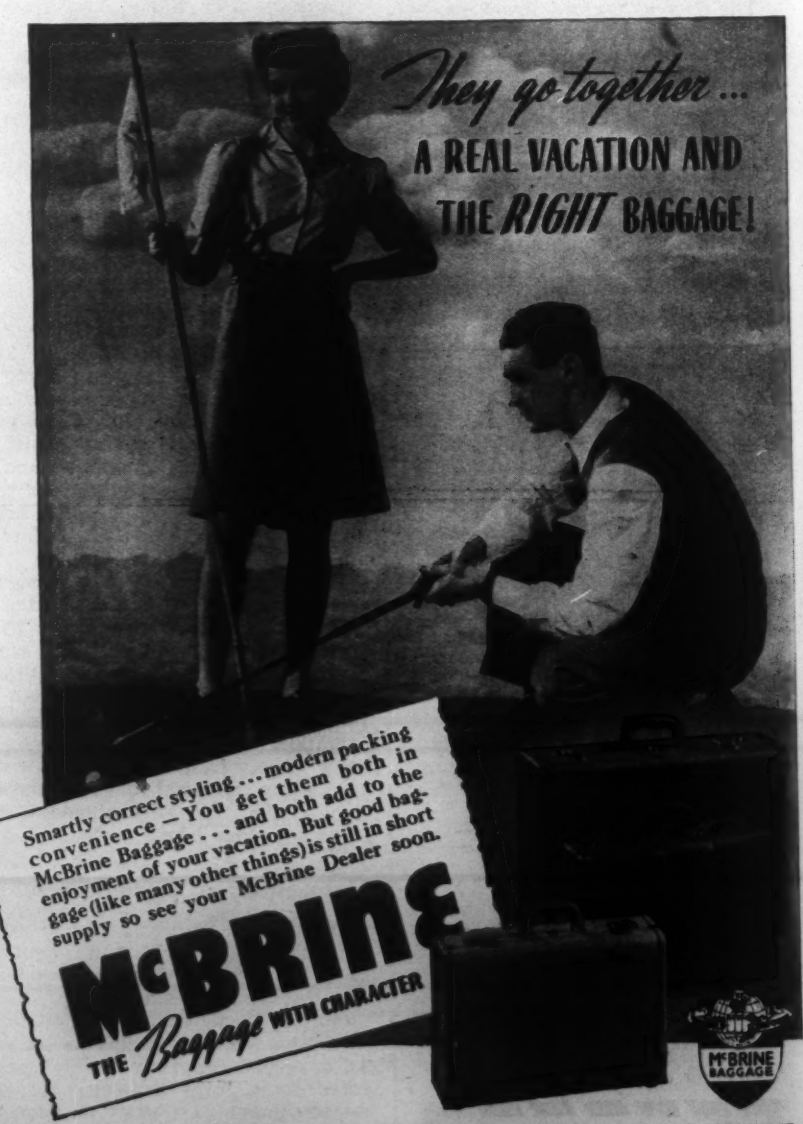
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MATRICULATION — GRADES IX - XIII

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THE WEEK IN RADIO

C.B.C.'s Case in Committee Inquiry Is Upheld by Majority Opinion

By JOHN L. WATSON

THE general atmosphere around the C.B.C. these days must be wholly compounded of sweetness and light. The Corporation has reason to be in a very cheerful state of mind as a result of the findings of the Parliamentary Committee which for some time now has been inquiring into and reporting upon the status of radio broadcasting in Canada. From all reports it appears as though the C.B.C. outpointed the opposition in almost every round. In almost all cases the Corporation's claims were upheld by a substantial majority of the Committee members although in no major issue was opinion entirely unanimous. It is significant that most of the Opposition came from the Opposition parties. Perhaps it is impossible wholly to disassociate policies from politics.

These were the most important decisions of the Committee—with some of our own comments:

1. C.B.C. Finances: All receipts from the collection of radio licence fees will go to the C.B.C. The collection costs will not be charged to this total. There will henceforth be no fixed limit to the amount of money which the C.B.C. may borrow from the Government for expansion and maintenance. (The present statutory limit is $500,000). This means that the Corporation may proceed with its ambitious program of expansion, involving power increases, enlargement of networks, frequency modulation transmitters, etc.

It is too soon for anyone to suggest whether these financial reforms are A Good Thing or A Bad Thing. A first-rate broadcasting system is worth paying a lot for; a second-rate one is expensive at any price. We have a very good, if not a perfect, system now and there is every reason to suppose that it will be even better as a result of an improved financial position.

2. Private Stations: The Corporation was given the green light in the matter of taking over Class 1-A frequencies now in the hands of private stations in Toronto, Winnipeg and Calgary. Such wave-lengths were felt to be required for the expansion of network facilities. The counter-proposal that privately owned networks be operated in competition with the C.B.C. was rejected. The C.B.C. will breathe a good deal easier now that this ugly threat has been removed!

The Committee was decidedly luke-warm regarding the suggestion put forward by the Canadian Association of Broadcasters and private station operators that an impartial Board of Appeal be set up to govern the practices of both the C.B.C. and private radio. On the other hand, the Committee recommended private station licences be renewed only after the Department of Transport *and the C.B.C.* were assured of the stations' "good intentions". Apparently the Parliamentarians don't agree with the private station operators that supervision by a competitor can be extremely bad for business!

No Rival

The C.B.C., however, maintains that it is in no sense the rival of the private station since it operates for the most part on a different level. There is certainly a good deal of truth in this theory, and we must wait and see how it operates in practice before making any comments. There is, in this connection, what appears to this writer (perhaps mistakenly) to be a serious inconsistency. Having made a number of extremely generous concessions to the C.B.C. in the matter of finances and having recommended that additional sources of revenue be made available to the Corporation, the Committee suggested that a private station would not be fulfilling its duty to the community if it devoted too many hours to "money-making broadcasts."

Now, this is a dangerous generalization. The community value of a broadcast has nothing to do with its money-making potentialities. For example, the Charlie McCarthy program presumably makes a great deal of money both for its sponsors and for the networks and stations which carry it. Nevertheless it is of value to the community because a great many members of the community thoroughly enjoy listening to it. Conversely, a sustaining program, the production of which drains rather than contributes to the finances of the station but to which no one in the community bothers to listen, is of no value whatsoever.

Program Theories

If the Department of Transport and the C.B.C. keep this fact in mind when they are attempting to assess the extent to which any private station is discharging, or failing to discharge, its duty to the community, well and good. If, on the other hand, either of those bodies should hold to the ingenuous theory that any enterprise which can be classed as "money-making" is necessarily detrimental to the community, then the recommendation will prove to be productive of more harm than good.

3. Expression of Personal Opinion: Discussion of this question arose (as we all suspected it would) from the widespread criticism levelled at Mr. Elmore Philpott, the Leftist commentator from Vancouver. The committee recommended that "care should be taken in their (the commentators') utterances to protect at all times the heritage of our free democratic way of life." We suggest that you read this luminous passage, as we did, half a dozen times in quick succession and then try to figure out what it means.

These are the main results of some weeks of deliberation on the part of an extremely able and well chosen body of men, all of them blessed with tact, discrimination and, presumably, an inexhaustible fund of patience. These are decisions which will have a mighty important effect on the future of radio broadcasting in Canada. All we, the listeners, care about is what issues from our radio receivers when we switch them on. There is an excellent chance that the recommendations of the Parliamentary Committee may help to increase the value of our receiving sets as instruments of entertainment and instruction.

Let's hope so, anyway.

View with Pride

It is unfortunate that the smooth and gentlemanly tenor of the Parliamentary investigation should have been so rudely disrupted by the charge that the C.B.C. neglected to send in a bill to a certain Toronto newspaper for several thousand dollars' worth of broadcast time. It is devoutly to be hoped that what the Opposition papers, with righteous indignation, term "political prejudice" will not, in turn, prejudice the public against the C.B.C.'s own News Service. If there is any department of which the C.B.C. is inordinately proud it is their News Service, and if there is any department in the C.B.C. of which the Corporation has a right to be proud, it is that same News Service.

The responsibility for disseminating news is a serious one; the difference between news and propaganda is not always as apparent as it might be. That the nation's principal radio news service should be operated by the Government controlled broadcasting system is considered by some people to be a very dangerous thing and it is to the everlasting credit of the C.B.C. that it has maintained, throughout peace and war, a news service which, for downright objectivity, is second to none.

There has developed in many parts of this Continent a curious prejudice against factual news reporting. We dote on the "personalities behind the news". We are inclined to have more respect for our favorite columnist than for unvarnished, aseptic fact, because there are always some columnists and some commentators who hold the same opinions as we do, whereas facts have a nasty habit of crossing us up. The C.B.C. News Service has done much to counteract this lamentable tendency. Like its British counterpart, it appears to have a higher regard for truth than for sensationalism. Local papers please copy.

Alphabet Title

That veteran broadcaster, R. S. Lambert, who has up to now held the position of supervisor of school broadcasts for the C.B.C., has been granted four months' leave of absence in order that he may serve as Counsellor in the Media of Mass Communications, United Nations Educational, Scientific and Cultural Organization. This exalted post, which sounds like something out of Aldous Huxley, will require Mr. Lambert to assist in the preparation of a survey of radio, films and press for submission at the first meeting of U.N.E.S.C.O., to be held in Paris in November. For what purpose the survey is being made remains a mystery but this is not an unusual state of affairs where surveys are concerned these days. We trust that Mr. Lambert, C.M.M.C., U.N.E.S.C.O., will perform his duties with aggressiveness and tact, especially if he should have occasion to bandy words with our Russian friends who, we understand, are pretty darned adept in the Media of Mass Communications.

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SEA SIGHED

HAPPY chapters that begin
When our phantom ships come in—
I peruse them turned about:
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To see the vast inviting tide;
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THE BOOKSHELF

CONDUCTED BY J. E. MIDDLETON

The Man Who Had No Concern For the Grief of the World

COMPANIONS OF THE LEFT HAND, a novel, by George Tabori. (Allen, $3.00.)

A PLAYWRIGHT dealing in sophisticated comedy, (as the pedlar at the corner deals in "hot dogs",) finds the war most annoying. Paris is almost as "stuffy" as Berlin or Vienna, so he becomes as Swiss citizen. But even then, full-fed and sparkling, he is restless and determines to go to an Italian seaside resort where he has always been so comfortable. On the way he calls upon his brother, slowly dying from creeping paralysis, but still working on a translation of The Divine Comedy. For the invalid is a serious artist, respecting himself as he respects Dante, and his very existence is a hot criticism of his prosperous brother who gives the idle rich what they like instead of what they ought to have.

The playwright shrugs-off the latent criticism, being content to be a literary prostitute and goes to his Italian paradise, only to find it fly-blown and down-at-the-heel. For Fascism is rampant in the person of Don Innocenzo, in charge of police, and is indulging in some sadistic savagery towards a Leftist leader recently captured. This leader's brother tries to engage the sympathy of the playwright, who is most courteous—and uncooperative. Meanwhile suddenly a mob arises and hangs Don Innocenzo. Then the Germans come with machine guns and make quite an interesting spectacle. But there is a supplement. The Leftist's brother gets the playwright in a lonely place and reveals to him the painful facts of life — and death.

The whole tale, brilliantly designed and executed, is a sustained criticism of the kind of society which makes frivolity profitable and lets honest workers and thinkers starve. The playwright, dealing with the mouldy humor of adultery, for laughing purposes only, is a symbol of cultured Europe dancing gaily down the steeps of Avernus.

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Five All Different

By W. S. MILNE

THE UNFORESEEN, by Dorothy Macardle. (Saunders, $3.00.)

TORRENTS OF SPRING, by Robert Payne. (Ryerson, $3.00.)

LOST HAVEN, by Kylie Tennant. (Macmillan, $3.25.)

A MOTH OF TIME, by Nolan Miller. (Musson, $3.00.)

THE SOONER TO SLEEP, by Frederic F. Van de Water. (Collins, $2.75.)

THAT the power of foreseeing the future would be far from an unmixed blessing is a thought neither original nor profound, but it forms the backbone of a pleasantly sentimental thriller, in which the macabre implications of second sight are gracefully played down in favor of domestic romance. Miss Macardle's heroine's embarrassing gift comes uncalled-for, and the visions it vouchsafes are not always what they seem to be, and this makes for plot-complication. However, the horrid business stops this side of insanity, leaving all the nice people properly mated and happy. **The Unforeseen** will probably end up as a movie, like its predecessor. **The Uninvited.** Miss Macardle seems to have tapped a vein of pay dirt with her ladylike excursions into the supernatural.

Torrents of Spring is a piece of exquisite writing, without, I am afraid, much popular appeal. It is the story of three Chinese children in the years immediately preceding the death of the Empress and the first attempts at the setting up of a republic. Their father is a high diplomatic official resident in Europe, and though they are brought up on the great Chinese classics, they are also encouraged to read widely in modern European philosophic literature. Their home in the mountains becomes a rallying point in the revolt against the Manchu dynasty, and the story ends with a crowd crying, "Long Live Sun Yat-sen. Hurrah for the new republic."

It is written by one deeply impressed by Chinese culture and traditions, who seems to have succeeded as well as a westerner can succeed in seeing Chinese thought from within. The story is told entirely from the point of view of the three young people, and, in Eastern fashion, is concerned less with the appearances of things than with their mystical significance, less with action than with thought as an end in itself. The story is told in exquisite prose, so sensitive to the subtleties of beauty as to be, in frequent passages, more properly considered as poetry. The plot unwinds with the slow elegance of a scroll-painting.

There is nothing other-worldly or two-dimensional about **Lost Haven.** It is a robust, earthy tale of an Australian fishing village gone to seed. It is a sort of **Tobacco Row** place, populated by the most complete collection of shiftless and amoral characters I have come across in some time. Its author succeeds in portraying them objectively and at the same time tolerantly, and has produced a readable yarn, rich in local color, with considerable humor and some excitement. I cannot help feeling, however, that it would have been a more successful effort if it had been pruned a bit. The folk of **Lost Haven** get a bit tiresome before one gets to the end of the tale.

A Moth of Time is definitely a formula novel, though written with sincerity and competence. It is a first novel, and it deals with the boyhood and young manhood of one of three brothers who live in a large ugly house on Trumbull Avenue in Detroit, a street that has seen better days. Paul, the hero, is a young fellow who is — you guessed it — shy and sensitive, and out of key with his environment. The most interesting parts of the story are the glimpses the writer gives us of the evolution of a modern industrial city in the decade before the first world war.

In spite of its somewhat inappropriately serious title, **The Sooner to Sleep** is a delicious bit of high comedy, hung on the peg of a postponed war-wedding. The bride comes East from California for her marriage, to find on arrival that the groom's leave—he is a naval officer—has been suddenly cancelled, leaving her stranded in the midst of a strange family of in-laws in a sleepy Vermont village. There is delightful characterization, and a plot, which, though devoid of sensational or melodramatic incident, manages to hold the reader throughout. Among those present are an ex-actress matriarch, a dizzy widow, a bachelor uncle who makes charm a profession, and a most repulsive, slug-like small boy. The heroine is fresh and sparklingly believable in her combination of common-sense and fun, and a goose and gander, Heloise and Abelard, add to the doings. One scene in particular struck me as a very sound piece of writing, the episode of Uncle Greg's fishing expedition. This is a brilliant and entertaining bit of writing.

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THE BOOKSHELF

A Novel of the Draft Riots in New York During Civil War

THE UNTERRIFIED, a novel, by Constance Robertson. (Oxford, $3.75.)

DULL generals and untrained troops made the early years of the American Civil War a continuing grief for the Northern States. Civilian morale sagged. Enlistments were insufficient even when a bounty of three hundred dollars or more was offered as an inducement to any man, fit or unfit. The Democratic Party, which included "the gentlemanly interest" and the riff-raff of the cities, still thought that the election of Lincoln had been a strange mistake and the phrase "the ape in the White House" became common currency.

Democratic leaders still talked of compromise not realizing that the Missouri compromise stank in the nostrils of true Northern patriots. Southern sympathizers whipped up Democratic discontent and soon there was little to choose between high-minded oppositionists and open traitors. When conscription came seditious opposition was organized breaking into desperate rioting in New York.

Senator Edward King of Troy, a high-minded Democrat, deplores the war in a high-minded manner all through Kentucky and the other border States, and comes home with a Kentucky wife, a young woman whose first husband had been killed in the Northern army. The fact that her two brothers are with the Confederates and that her father is a fence-sitter—with ill-concealed Southern sympathies doesn't seem to trouble the Senator at all.

The Senator's son is on the staff of Governor Seymour at Albany, a smooth two-timer running with the hare and hunting with the hounds, but the young man is discontented with inaction and gets entangled in the anti-draft movement and the Knights of the Golden Circle, a prototype of the Ku Klux Klan flummery. Meanwhile his cousin is a fighting Captain who loses an arm at Chancellorsville, and their former brotherly relationship is shattered. Besides, both of them are entranced by the Southern wife—the stepmother and aunt respectively. Every time she looks at them with tears brimming her lovely eyes their blood rages like Maine surf.

Making every allowance for the romantic atmosphere of 1863 this "love-interest" doesn't go down easily for me. Indeed the Kentucky girl, with the *don fatal* and the Mata Hari morals never becomes real. All the minor characters are alive, but the sweetness of the Senator is too cloying.

Nevertheless this is a novel of grace and power and gives a useful warning of the danger in pushing States sovereignty—or Provincial Rights—too far.

Fiction Prize

CONTESTANTS for the Ryerson Fiction Award are advised that MSS must reach the Ryerson Press before March 1, 1947. The prize is $1,000, half of which is an advance on royalties. The board of judges will consist of a representative from the publishing house, a representative from the Canadian Authors' Association and one other, to be chosen by these two.

No award will be made if the best of the MSS submitted is lacking in literary distinction or in general interest. That is what happened for the year 1946.

Dutch Cousins

By JOHN H. YOCOM

HOLLAND AND BRITAIN, by Charles Wilson. (Collins, $2.75.)

DUTCH school children and their grateful parents today tend graves of Canadian soldiers who died last year and the year before. Canadians who have a special interest in Dutch soil will appreciate this lively and scholarly summary of Britain's relations through the centuries with Holland. Others who merely want to know more about a loyal ally, whose courage for four, long, dark years we all admired, also may read it with profit.

After close relations between the two countries from the 16th to 18th centuries, Great Britain and Holland drifted apart during the 19th and 20th centuries. Then the war brought their peoples into new comradeship to which liberation added a unique intimacy.

Satisfying historically, the text is relieved with fascinating and personal material which the author, a Fellow of Jesus College, Cambridge, has discovered over many years of Dutch associations. It is a fine example of condensation but still carries much information on how sailing, trading, politics, the arts, and sports—in short, the ingredients for national character—grew in England and Holland and had effect on each country. Many illustrations—from 16th century etchings, through Van Gogh, to water colors of British troops crossing the Maas in 1944—closely match the text.

Thinking Aloud

REFLECTIONS IN A MIRROR, Second Series, by Charles Morgan. (Macmillans, $2.75.)

SO LONG as an essay does not openly attempt to teach us anything it is to be savored and enjoyed. But we shy away from didactics and sermons in print stick i' the throat. At the same time the ideas of any civilized man, mulled-over to himself and then creeping into print are like to educate us when we are not looking.

Charles Morgan wrote weekly essays for The Times Literary Supplement. A collection of them appeared in 1944 with no little success. And here's a second lot, notable to one reader for an appreciation of Walter Savage Landor, for an essay on The Creative Imagination and for one on The Wooden Benches of an inn and the men who occupy them.

The prose is starred with easy epigram, as, for example, concerning the wicked Industrialists, "To be wicked to one's own profit over a stretch of years needs more foresight and intelligence than most men are capable of." Altogether, a gracious book.

All books mentioned in this issue, if not available at your bookseller's, may be purchased by postal or money order to "Saturday Night Book Service," 73 Richmond Street W., Toronto 1.

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MUSICAL EVENTS

U.S. Ballet at Prom Is More Like Patchwork Quilt than Tapestry

By JOHN H. YOCOM

WHEN Joseph Wagner, composer, founder and, for 18 years, conductor of the Boston Civic Symphony Orchestra, read Washington Irving's "Legend of Sleepy Hollow," he was so impressed that he decided to recreate it musically. The result was a ten-movement piano suite in 1942. Then Jan Veen, a European dancer-protegé of old impresario Sidney Hurok ("the man who made America ballet-conscious"), read the story and heard Wagner's music. He was doubly impressed by the possibilities and set about creating a ballet for the tale, matching Wagner's conception of the music. It was Wagner's turn again. He rewrote his suite for orchestra, keeping in mind the technical problems that the native American ballet demanded.

First performance of the Hudson River Legend Ballet came late in 1943 in Boston, with Arthur Fiedler as conductor. It was a workmanlike job both in choreography and music but caused no great stir in the dance world and the barest ripple in musical circles.

Last week the Prom audience had Canada's first look at the Hudson River ballet, with Wagner conducting the orchestra, but showed less enthusiasm than it has for individual guest stars like Jean Dickenson, Portia White, or our own Volkoff ballet.

However, Wagner, Veen and the dancers should feel well satisfied with their performance. Rip van Winkle period costuming was good; stage sets were reduced to a single screen suggesting progressively a schoolroom blackboard, a household fireplace, and a forest grove.

No great faults lie in the music. From the overture, with its careful flashes of identifying motifs, through the various dance sequences in the schoolroom, Katrina's house and the forest, to the epilogue bridal procession, Wagner has been programmatically successful. However, I doubt if the music could stand very well on its own feet—nor was it intended to do so. Without knowing the Ichabod Crane story or watching a ballet tell the yarn, one would find it a jumble of perplexing brass climaxes, melodic punctuations of "Goodnight, Ladies" and "London Bridge," rhythm contrasts, free thematic variations, and scholarly contrapuntal devices. The latter, by the way, were used to good effect to illustrate old Ichabod teaching geometry by a dance which included lines, triangles and circles. We found particularly effective the themes and orchestration suggesting the Headless Horseman and coquettish Katrina.

The individual dancers, with Veen eminent in the role of Ichabod, were smooth and convincing of character in their movements, with the whole body as the medium of expression, as school children, party guests, wolfish Brom Bones, etc.

But the choreography as a whole lacked the display of mass movement. There was no continuous flowing of the group, no strong composite expression, and, with one exception, no satisfying picture of expansive dancing. And the one exception — the wedding round dance—was really too spontaneous and robust an affair to compensate for the elegant art of the old ballet, with a gracefully manoeuvring corps, which this show completely lacked.

Story telling ballets of this type fall into doldrums even worse than those which often beset drama with too much talk and too little action. Character-dancer A "speaks" to character B, while others on the stage stand in posed groups and listen or carry on some irrelevant dance business. Then B "replies;" the others retain their grouping or shift slightly to another piece of irrelevancy. The result is a patchwork quilt of solo dances, perhaps of brilliant hue and bizarre meaning, but no rich tapestry of a unified body of dancers.

The best thing in the first half of the program was the Mozart Sinfonie Concertante for violin and viola (with Hyman Goodman and Stanley Solomon) with orchestral accompaniment. Concert master and lead violist in the orchestra, the two men neatly dovetailed their playing of the Mozart melodic patterns. Nor was the orchestra permitted to overshadow them to the extent of the soloists having to forsake grace for force. We particularly liked the short, subtle and sonorous canons that Violist Solomon often brought forth.

Low-ebb point on the program was Borodin's "On the Steppes of Central Asia." The insecurity that the horn section felt while wandering over those bleak desert wastes must have been contagious, for soon other sections of the orchestra started fumbling too. Conductor Wagner lashed them with his baton but to no avail; they just didn't like those steppes. Now we know why Uncle Joe consigns the recalcitrant tovarich to exile in Siberia.

But the conductor obtained admirable effects and expression when the orchestra played Nicolai's "Merry Wives of Windsor."

Tax Trouble in Montreal

Montreal's Les Concerts Symphoniques is presently having a tax controversy with the government of the province of Quebec. Provincial taxing authorities are demanding that the society pay an amusement tax. Les Concerts Symphoniques directors counter that their position is based on the terms of the 1935 charter, which qualified the organization as a non-profit-making unit, founded and operated to promote concerts of symphonic music on an educational and cultural basis.

Last week in the Montreal *Gazette*, Critic Thomas Archer pointed out that the first demand for the tax is believed to have come from the provincial government during the summer of 1945 for all future concerts. Then an exemption was granted later for the 45-46 season.

At least one phase of the tax controversy is a net deficit of $7,000 from June, 1945, to August, 1946. The lack of a hall of adequate accommodation in Montreal is partly responsible. Five hundred would-be subscribers were turned down during the regular winter series, as well as at least 300 to the children's Saturday matinees.

Les Concerts Symphoniques have operated since 1934 at the Plateau Auditorium and for the summer series at the Chalet on Mount Royal from 1938. However, the summer series is a known hazard because of weather. Even with sell-outs at the Plateau Auditorium there is bound to be a large deficit.

Private subscriptions have usually met the net deficits. (Gross deficits are reduced by two grants of $5,000 each from the provincial government and the city of Montreal.) Winter series subscriptions range from $16 to $25 for 10 concerts. This year a benefit operatic concert was given at His Majesty's Theatre as a means of relieving the burden of deficit upon private subscribers.

Last week executives of Les Concerts Symphoniques were hopeful of solving satisfactorily the question of a provincial amusement tax which, if collected, would further reduce the orchestra's income, would put it deeper in the red. There was a precedent for the province: federal amusement tax has been waived since the orchestra was started.

Applaud as You Will If a No. 1 Thrill

By JOHN BECKWITH

CHRONIC concert-goers let themselves in for a number of annoyances. Not the least of these is the practice which is almost universally observed nowadays of applause between movements of a symphony, concerto or sonata.

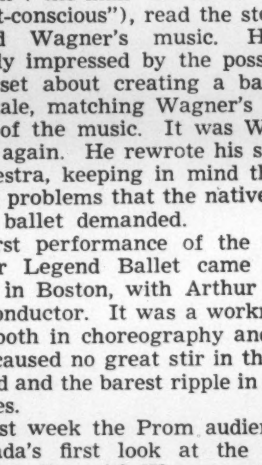
The gruff old badger in the moth-eaten grey beard, who has occupied seat J-12 on the aisle for the past twenty years and looks hale enough to carry on for another twenty, assures anyone who cares to be assured that it is a sacrilege to interrupt the flow of the composer's thought by unseemly applause.

Even those who are not actual physical spectators at the concert but who listen faithfully over the air have been known to pen irate messages to their favorite symphony commentator, asking why, in the name of Carl Phillip Emmanuel Bach, that horrible applause is allowed between movements. I have always waited for the brave commentator to reply that, after all, the radio listener pays no admission fee, and hence is not in a position to dictate the behavior of the small group who have paid upwards of three dollars a seat to be present.

The concert-going grouch should cast his mind back to his first hearing a great work like the "Waldstein" Sonata. I'm willing to wager he felt that the end of the first movement cried out for applause—that Beethoven never ended more stirringly. Then our friend should realize that for someone in this audience this is a first experience—and for that someone the reaction is going to be precisely what his own reaction was before he came to know the sonata better. There are dozens of first movements in Beethoven and Mozart that literally do call out for applause.

But there are cases where nothing was further from the composer's intention than an interruption of the music after each movement. Tschaikowski's Sixth Symphony is an example. The third movement here works up to a gigantic climax in full orchestra and ends with a terrific descending scale in the brasses which in a first-class performance is a really thrilling experience.

But even more thrilling (and much more rare) is the impact of absolute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RECORDS

By JOHN L. WATSON

RAYA Garbousova, accomplished woman cellist, has recorded six works for Victor, (11-8869/70/71), at least three of which were never intended for that instrument. Fortunately, the two best efforts are on the same record: a Largo by Karl Philip Emmanuel Bach and Albeniz' "Malaguena." The other four are Wagner's "Prize Song," and "To an Evening Star," the Chopin "Waltz in A Minor" and—you guessed it—"The Swan." Miss Garbousova's playing is masterly and her instrument records superlatively.

Gladys Swarthout and Marian Anderson have each made a pleasant, if not precisely world-shaking, contribution to this month's recordings. Miss Anderson sings "My Mother Bids Me Bind My Hair" and "She Never Told Her Love," both by Joseph Haydn, (Victor 10-1199). The great contralto appears to be in fine fettle though neither of these unpretentious little songs makes very serious demands on her vocal powers. Miss Swarthout obliges with the haunting Appalachian folk-song, "I Wonder As I Wander," which has been so much in evidence lately on the concert stage. She sings it rather better than most people we've heard and the guitar accompaniment is entirely appropriate. (Victor 10-1181).

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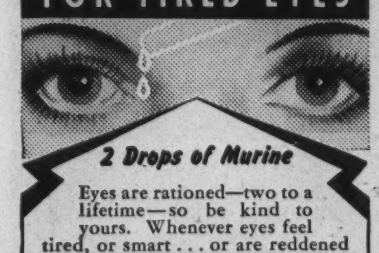
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THE FILM PARADE

Some Good Cole Porter Music and a De-Activated Story

By MARY LOWREY ROSS

IT WOULD be interesting to sit in on the negotiations between a motion picture company and a celebrity who is willing to sell his own biography down the river. Does the Company arrange to purchase the general pattern of its hero's life, with the understanding that it can improvise as it sees fit, or does it simply buy up the whole bolt and cut the pattern to suit itself? Is part of the original price commuted for good publicity, and does the subject get compensation for special distortions? Or, on the other hand, is the whole thing simply written off in a gentleman's agreement by which any resemblance between the subject's actual life-story and its screen-version is scrupulously avoided?

It's possible, of course, that the celebrities have little or nothing to do with it. As far as the public is concerned they live a life of legend anyway; so when a motion picture representative turns up and asks if his company can screen a biography, the subject says good-naturedly to go ahead, since one more legend even if done in technicolor can hardly make any difference.

Even so, when the picture is complete, and the moving pictures executive asks the subject to a private showing of his private life, he must, I think, feel a certain dismay at finding himself treated with a touch almost as final and reverent as embalming. It must be a considerable shock to him too, to discover that the life he had always thought of as stimulating and unique should turn out on the screen to be merely diligent, praiseworthy and dull.

Hamstringing the Hero

Hollywood has only one approach to screen biography; that is that the subject must quite definitely be hamstrung if you are going to have a story. Thus Pasteur was derided by the Academicians, and Woodrow Wilson was thwarted by the Isolationists. Zola was stuck with the Dreyfus case, the Curies had to struggle for years with tons of pitchblende in a leaky shed, and the lack of goldbeater skin almost defeated the inventive genius of Alexander Graham Bell. Chopin and George Gershwin were doomed to an early death, which made it possible for the screen biographer to strike the right note of rather glum reverence right from the start.

There was always some handy frustration to work on, so that it wasn't until they ran into Cole Porter that the film photographers really got into trouble. For Cole Porter was born in good circumstances, he had an agreeable and easily managed talent, everybody believed in him, he married satisfactorily, and is still married to the same Mrs. Porter after a quarter of a century. Every year has left him more popular, richer, and presumably more contented. Altogether his has been the sort of smooth upward career that doesn't offer so much as a toehold to a screen biographer in search of trouble.

So in the end the writers were forced to invent. To give their hero a slightly less promising start they set him up with a difficult old grandfather who wants the boy to become a lawyer and cuts off his allowance because he insists on being a song writer. Then, searching through the records, they discovered that Cole Porter had once had a fall from a horse. It wasn't much, but it was about all they had to go on so they built the plot as well as they could about that. They rather arbitrarily estranged Mrs. Porter and sent her off to Europe, so that her husband could go through his sufferings alone. Then they brought her back in time for a Yale reunion with a Yale chorus fervently singing "Night and Day." Thus, though rigidly handicapped, the writers have still managed to turn out a fairly typical screen biography, with the Cole Porter music brilliantly recorded and the Cole Porters themselves practically de-activated as human beings.

A Suggestion

Maybe the screen biographers were up against an impossible task. Or maybe what is needed is an entirely new type of screen biographical writer who will begin by upsetting all the rules. He might for instance have started off "Night and Day" with a scene between Cole Porter and his grandfather, the latter a twinkly-eyed Charles Winninger type who would urge the boy to give up his dusty law-books and try his hand at musical comedy.

"But I can't, Grandfather," the youth would say, "When I try I just turn out some silly thing like 'the tick, tick, tock of the stately clock'. It's because I'm not interested. Every time I sit down at the piano I find myself reaching for MacVitty and Mill's Jurisprudence."

Maybe that wouldn't be good screen biography either. But it would be sort of a nice variation.

SWIFT REVIEW

EASY TO WED. A noisy comedy employing the talents of Esther Williams, Van Johnson and Lucille Ball. This is a remake of "Libelled Lady" which was twice as funny without trying half so hard.

THE GREEN YEARS. Solid longish screen version of the Cronin novel, with some good acting (notably by Charles Coburn) to enliven the duller stretches.

WICKED LADY. Elaborate costume melodrama about a naughty countess with an aptitude for murder, who turns female apprentice to a highwayman. With Margaret Lockwood, James Mason.

A NIGHT IN CASABLANCA. Not absolutely the best Marx Brothers entertainment, but still fairly funny.

SARATOGA TRUNK. Handsome screen version of the Edna Ferber novel about the Creole and the Cowboy. With Ingrid Bergman, Gary Cooper.

• •

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WORLD OF WOMEN

Dreams and Nightmares Cartoons of What Is Deep in the Mind

By CELIA BENABU

WHAT did you dream last night? Perhaps you found your dream house at last. There it was, seemingly right in front of you, but try as you would you could not reach it. It was always a little further on. Or was that atom bomb aiming straight at you?

These are the sort of dreams you may be having now, if you are worrying about atomic bombs, or because you cannot find anywhere to live.

Anxiety, and not emotions tied up with affections, is the most common cause of dreams. When you are anxious and tense you do not sink right down into a deep sleep and it is just below the surface of sleep that dreams are most vivid.

Dreaming that you have a train to catch but cannot move because your legs seem to be weighted down, is a typical anxiety dream. It may be caused by worrying about your job, or the fear of being left behind in your work—like seeing "the other fellow" get the promotion you are after.

Nightmares are acute anxiety dreams and are caused by violent mental conflict. A dream that frequently troubles people is that of falling from a great height. The fear of height and subsequent falling is a common one. But great fears of falling from a height are often caused by doubt of yourself—lack of self-confidence.

Fear-Ridden Dreams

For instance, an ambitious person may have reached a better position in life than ability merits, and he has fears of slipping back, which may result in such a nightmare.

Another form of fear-ridden dream is one that really tough soldiers had after an engagement during which they saw their friends killed. In most cases it was not fear of their own destruction that caused the terrifying dreams but the damage caused to their affections in the loss of a pal.

One man at a base hospital had fearful dreams. He had been in several actions where a large number were killed, but this was not the cause of his nightmares. Taken prisoner by the Italians, he was condemned to be shot at six o'clock on the night he escaped with twenty-four comrades. Only six of them got away, the rest were shot. He and his companions hid in a cave on the seashore. Nearby an Italian sentry was stationed with a Sten gun. He had to kill the sentry by striking him on the head with a boulder as they were unarmed. Brought up to look upon killing as wrong, it was because he felt guilty about being forced to kill in cold blood that he had those awful dreams of the head of the Italian sentry he had killed.

An even-tempered man may dream he is murdering his wife. He has to make an enormous effort to remain good-tempered, and to do so involves putting out of his mind such human tendencies as being aggressive or irritable. When these impulses arise they are not given free play.

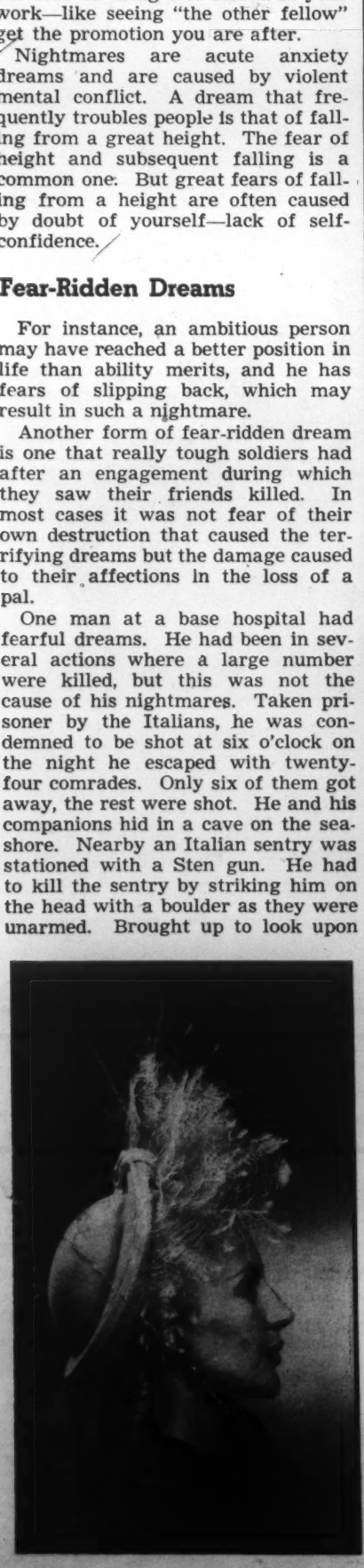
During waking hours such awful impulses are kept out of mind. It would be too disturbing if they came out for what they really are. People are afraid of their strength, and that they may overwhelm them even when they are awake. It is like sitting on a chest to keep them down inside in waking hours. But during sleep the control is slackened and the awful impulses come out.

If you are feeling tired and bad-tempered you may dream you are hitting some one.

It is the function of dreams to give some measure of relief to interests that are not asleep in the minds, and to avoid waking you up in so doing. If a dream wakens you it must have roused a dreadful feeling to do it. Frequently a soldier hearing an actual shot when asleep in the battle area didn't wake because he thought it part of his dream until a comrade roused him.

Sometimes in dreams you can watch with horror or delight, somebody who is doing things which are forbidden you, giving way to impulses and interests which must have no conscious expression, but must be kept hidden, pushed into a mental cave. When illicit interests which are hidden in the deeper part of the mind come up, you dream you are committing a forbidden act like striking somebody you hate, or being affectionate to some one you are fond of, of doing something utterly irresponsible like going for a holiday when you should be getting on with your job.

Another common type of dream in these times particularly, is the "escape" dream such as having a holiday in the south of France, when it may be impossible to do so owing to present conditions. Interests which cannot find satisfaction in reality



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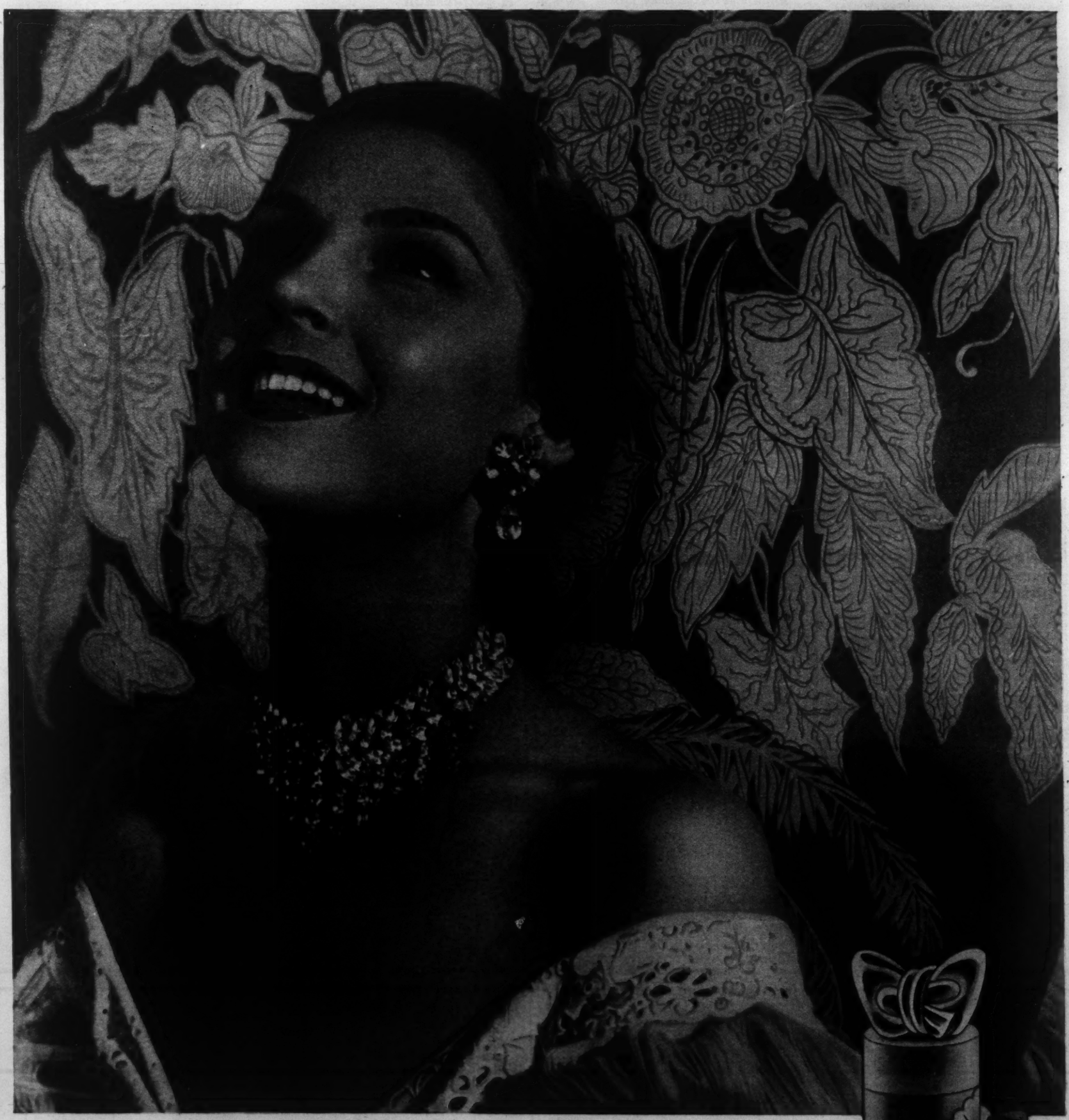

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often emerge as dreams, the dreamer finds satisfaction and sleep is allowed to continue. Then there is the "no-need" dream—no need to go to work for instance. Perhaps you don't want to go to your job, or you need a holiday, and your desires find fulfillment in your dreams.

Often needs, interests and problems that may be too serious to be dealt with in full consciousness appear in dreams. Things which have matured in the deeper "dark" part of the mind reveal themselves in dreams before reaching the conscious mind of the individual.

This may happen in those uncanny dreams which foretell the future. You may dream someone is going to die, and he may do so. But if he is very ill you may have been expecting this to happen or thinking it likely to occur, and the dream is an expression of what is going on, probably quite unconsciously, deep down in your mind. Two strange and remarkable things about dreams are that there may be no sense of places, and no sense of time. This is because dreams come from the deeper part of the mind where there is no real sense of time, and they take what goes on at extraordinary speed.

Then there are dreams that haunt people, and one small aspect pursues them for days. This haunting part of the dream is usually highly significant and is the key to what is going on in the mind. A dream may be a jumble of all sorts of things inextricably mixed, but one particular thing may stand out, such as a curiously colored apple, which is the pointer to the interpretation of the dream.

By questioning the dreamer about them, dreams can often be deciphered, and a patient may suddenly say: "I didn't realize it clearly until I thought about it, but I see now it was going on at the back of my mind all the time!"

Patients rarely complain about dreams or nightmares oddly enough, their chief complaint is generally insomnia. But often in the course of psychological treatment, which may last over some months, a new patient who says he never dreams will, after about a fortnight, have an actual dream which reveals what is troubling him, and give a true picture of his state of mind. This invariably fits in perfectly with later findings and ultimate conclusions.

After around a fortnight's treatment the patient's confidence has been won, he feels he can speak freely and produces this dream quite unconsciously, which gives the clue to his trouble. The more meaning a dream has, the more likely a person is to remember it.

Children may have dreams tied up with their particular problems, such as family jealousy—like the little girl who says: "I don't like Mummy—I'm going to marry Daddy!" This is not really funny, it is caused by real jealousy, which is an enormous problem, and it is difficult to tell how deep such problems go in a child's mind. Their dreams are pictures of all the past in varying degrees, changing with each day's activities.

Women Surpass

Women may dream more than men because they tend to have less satisfactory lives than men, more frustrating, with more unsatisfied needs. This creates more nervous tension and results in dreams.

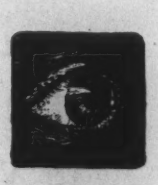
Dreams are entirely unrelated to supper, or whatever you eat before going to bed. But you can have an upset digestion in dreams—indigestion usually being caused by some upset in the first place, like an emotional disturbance.

It was Freud was first made a serious scientific and analytical study of dreams, and he likened a dream to a cartoon. To a young child a cartoon is just a picture of funny men, to an adolescent there is significance in what they are doing, and they suspect a further meaning. It means three things to an adult—the naive, childish picture of people doing things, plus political significance. So Freud's approach to dreams was as very elaborate cartoons, with a manifest and latent content—an obvious and symbolic meeting.

Dreams are like a movie show, revealing what is happening in your inmost mind. Your desires, problems, conflicts, anxieties.

But though the interpretation of dreams has a long history, it is only now that the true significance of their meaning has been developed into a new branch of medical science.

Hattie Carnegie necklace of fake pearl and rhinestone wheat centre, whose parts are flexible and shimmer with the wearer's slightest movement.

Blood Pressure, like steam pressure in a boiler, goes up and down, so don't worry if yours is temporarily high, particularly during periods of stress. However, if it frequently gets *above normal, or stays there,* the heart must work harder and ultimately may be impaired. The blood vessels are also put under greater strain which may affect brain, eyes,  kidneys, and other organs. Fortunately, medical science is on the march against high blood pressure.

When caught in time, high blood pressure may be controlled or possibly eliminated.

If an elevation of the blood pressure develops, periodic medical examinations will detect it in the early stages and permit your doctor to advise measures which may keep it in check.

Medical scientists are continuing to study new methods to combat high blood pressure. Some authorities believe the kidneys play a vital part in certain high blood pressure cases and that these patients may be helped through special diets and limitation of liquids. New surgical techniques at times have proved effective for selected cases. Psychotherapy is another method under consideration. There also is hope that new drugs may be developed which will be helpful.

One hundred and forty-eight life insurance companies have formed the Life Insurance Medical Research Fund. This group is making grants to help finance research projects relating to diseases of the heart and blood vessels, including high blood pressure.

To learn more about high blood pressure, its effect upon your heart, and how to guard against it, send for Metropolitan's free booklet "Protecting Your Heart." Address your request to Booklet Dept. 86T, Canadian Head Office, Ottawa.

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Who Is Responsible for Masculine Fashions?

By EILEEN MORRIS

The business man is known for his conservative serge; the sportsman glorifies tweed. Clothes certainly make the man, but have you ever given a thought to who sets masculine fashions? Sometimes it's a woman, sometimes a revolution and, in one instance, the corner movie house.

During the recent revolution in Bolivia, newspapers played up an interesting sidelight. Young students discarded the necktie, in a spirited gesture of emancipation. As tension increased, it became the healthy thing to do, and even visitors and diplomats scurried about the uneasy Bolivian streets with shirts open at the throat. We may be witnessing the passing of the last flash of color in the modern male's wardrobe. "Abandon the necktie" may be next season's style decree.

Such things have happened in the past. In the stormy days of Napoleon Bonaparte, there was no love lost between his followers and those of his rival. As a distinguishing mark, the latter group notched the lapels of their coats. This notch latched on, and is still very style right. Speaking of coats, those tiny buttons on the sleeve are holdovers from the time when a woman sewed them in place to discourage a man from — ugh — wiping his nose on the sleeve!

Before the French Revolution, the well dressed male wore knee breeches, and was justly proud of his shapely limbs. Only the peasants wore long trousers. Then came the overthrow of the monarchy, and long trousers became a symbol of the new order.

Even men admit their hats are terribly dull. In bygone days, these were made in standard head sizes, and an adjustable drawstring ensured proper fit. The tiny bow inside the hat is a reminder of that custom. A long, flowing plume, often sweeping the shoulder, was once a matter of great pride to any cavalier worth his salt. But after the Restoration, fashion became more conservative, and the plume shrank into today's tiny feather tucked in the hatband.

When Peter the Great entered the fashion field, he did so with typical Russian thoroughness. Soldiers stood at the city gates, with orders to trim off the traditional long gown at the knee, and cut the sleeve so the hand of any passing citizen was no longer covered. Barbers hovered nearby, ready to shave off the long, flowing beard of the unfortunate. The first noble to growl "Fashion is spinach" probably got it good.

The cap tumbled from the nation's brow when the movie villain pulled one over his shifty eye once too often. And Charlie Chaplin's antics with a black christie doomed that headgear to extinction.

Yes, it doesn't take much to start a style—or end one. So, in view of that Bolivian news flash, give your tie rack to the wife for training ivy on, free your suffering neck, and relax. Think, no more garish Christmas ties, no more posturing before the glass, just ease and comfort for the rest of your life!

Renaissance brocade portrait costume by Ben Reig in "antique bronze" has a halter decolletage, swag-draped bustle, and single-buttoning jacket.

CONCERNING FOOD

Summer Bounty of Golden Peach and Pear Comes to the Table

By JANET MARCH

IN ENGLAND peaches often grow spread-eagled on garden walls to catch what they can of the elusive sun. When they ripen they taste wonderful, as do those black luscious English hot house grapes. Before the war, when prices were thought to be at a reasonable level, you could usually meet fellow-Canadians in Fortnum and Mason's looking with amazement at the prices of fruit. Even in those days vitamins in the raw came very high in the British Isles. Just where Andrew Marvell came across all the fruits he describes is hard to imagine—

"Rich apples drop about my head;
The luscious clusters of the vine
Upon my mouth do crush their wine;
The nectarines and curious peach,
Into my hands themselves do reach;
Stumbling on melons, as I pass,
Insnar'd with flow'rs, I fall on grass."

The grass and the flowers are common enough in England, and are easy to come by, but the only people who really got enough of the rarer fruits seemed to be those who had greenhouses of their own, and a greenhouse is an expensive piece of equipment.

This time of year every day is canning day in Canada, so that all of us who are fortunate enough to live in a land where you buy your fruit by the basketful, not by the ounce, can put up enough to see us through the winter and let the cans go to Europe. Women whose right forefingers show no signs of stains or chips from paring knives—remember to hold your hands under the cold water tap first and the stains won't be too bad — are slacking on the job of helping feed the starving world.

There are lots of things to do in bottling fruit besides just canning them plain with a sugar syrup. This fruit salad recipe makes a very good dessert of a pretty rich kind, but it isn't as extravagant as it reads because you don't eat a great deal of it at a time. It was generously given to me by a friend after I had sampled it largely at a luncheon party.

Fruit Salad

½ basket of peaches
½ basket of pears
2 cantaloupes
2 tins of pineapple (perhaps you can find fresh ones or the canned juice to substitute)
1 large bottle of maraschino cherries

Peel and cut the peaches and pears in smallish pieces. Cook them separately in open kettles with sufficient syrup (made with one cup of sugar to one cup of water) just to cover the fruit. When the peaches are tender (this usually takes about five minutes after the syrup comes back to the boil when the fruit has been added) add the cantaloupe cut finely to the peaches, and add the pineapple to the pears when they are cooked. Pears take a little longer than peaches. Bring both kettles to the boil and boil a few minutes. Have your jars cleaned and heated and fill them with cupfuls alternately from each kettle, sprinkling the cherries in between cupfuls. Mix up what remains of the syrup in both kettles and fill the jars to the brim. Screw up tightly while hot.

Here is a recipe for pear jam which takes a good deal of sugar, but I sometimes think in these days of rationing people are frightened off making jam too much. It isn't really as extravagant as it sounds because you eat so much less of it than you do of canned fruit and it is so useful to have on hand. A quite dull custard pudding can be made interesting with a white of egg meringue and a few spoonfuls of good jam.

Pear Jam

4 pounds of pears when cut up
1/3 pound of raisins
¼ pound of walnuts
1 orange, juice and rind
1 lemon, juice and rind
4 pounds of sugar

Cut the fruit in small pieces and add the sugar, orange juice and grated rind, lemon juice and grated rind and the raisins. Mash with the potato masher and cook over a gentle heat to avoid burning. When the jam has thickened add the chopped nuts, and bottle. There does not seem to be any exact timetable for cooking jam, I just try a little on a saucer and when it wrinkles when you tilt the saucer I know it is done. This sounds a rather rule of thumb method but some years fruit seems juicier than others and then it needs longer boiling. And anyway a lot of good cooking is rule of thumb.

If you have a few peaches left over from preserving and don't want to serve them in their natural state just cut them up and bake them.

Baked Peaches

Peel the peaches and make a gash in the side of each one. Stand them in a baking dish half full of water and stir in a teaspoonful of sugar for each peach. Sprinkle with a little nutmeg and bake in a moderate oven for about three quarters of an hour. Top with whipped cream—if you can.

Cantinflas' Satirical Wit Has Made Him the Idol of the Mexicans

By MARGARET MURPHY NEWCOMBE

Mexico.

ALTHOUGH he is only showing you the kitchen, "where we cook the macaroni," there is something in the inflection of his soft, low-toned voice, the gestures of his shoulders, that makes you laugh.

Perhaps it is the warm human feeling he gives you, this Cantinflas, Mexico's greatest and best-loved actor: the feeling that it is a queer world but there is also the amusing side, no?

In his vacation retreat in the little town of San Miguel de Allende, in the north central state of Guanajato, Mexico, he is as friendly and approachable as he is in his great house in Mexico City, or at the rancho near it, where, with the enjoyment of all true Mexicans, he practises "the bullfight."

But he never forgets that he was one of the common people of this land, a poor, ordinary Indio with the uncertain and impoverished childhood that more than half of the twenty million population experience.

Every month, in his house in Mexico City, he throws open the doors to the poor. It is their day and they flock there to eat and drink, to see and touch and speak to the great Cantinflas.

Now nearing fifty, he is still lean and slim, of medium height. He has a squared, not handsome but mobile, face, and looks at least ten years younger than his age. He is active and alert, with quick-darting dark eyes and expressive hands.

It is his remembrance of his own life as Mario Moreno, his memory of his days as a humble doorman for a travelling carnival, that gives him his lead into the hearts of the Mexican people. His earthy, sometimes coarse humor, is the kind they understand and makes him one of them. He is the symbol of their race, the little man who overcomes all obstacles. In his ad lib asides he dares to satirize the great ones, to joke about the powerful ones, to poke ironical fun at all the cracks and fissures of Mexico's turbulent political life.

He bought the beautiful high-walled home in San Miguel, with a series of sweeping terraces running up-hill behind it, for his mother, but she seldom visits it. Sometimes he drives up from Mexico City for a week-end and arrives so unostentatiously that often the villagers do not know he is there.

The house is built around an old, rose-pink chapel where the bells ring out at six every morning and again at night. There is a cool, stone-paved patio with a towering zapote tree on which the green, round fruits hang in heavy clusters. Around it are grouped the main living rooms of the house.

A flight of curving stone steps, dripping with the pink flowers of the vine geranium and the lacy blue of plumbago, leads to separate white-washed bedrooms with bright blue furniture.

The ruins of an old aqueduct are thick with flowering geranium, the giant forget-me-nots of this mountain region and a twisted tangle of cream and white climbing roses. Behind it are the large, rounded, open-air swimming pool and the billiard hall with its floor-length windows.

Naturally, Cantinflas has been sought by the American movies and appeared in one which, however, did not seem to appeal to Anglo-Saxon movie-goers. One studio recently prepared a new script but he did not feel it was the right one.

He speaks English, but not well, and his art is so allied with the Mexican people that he is wary of attempting to transplant it.

A visitor asked why he had not made a film of Don Quixote, the famous Spanish story of the man who tilted at the windmills of graft and dishonor.

"But that one, it is a great classic. It is not to be joked about. Me, I am a comic," Cantinflas answered.

Perhaps he will feel more at home with Gallic philosophy, for he plans to leave soon for France to do a picture under the direction of Réné Claire.

Then the world will have a chance to see more of this beloved actor. For the sting of his wit is needed in other places besides Mexico.

A jaunty traveller, in an individually draped beret with slightly turned-back peak brim, of black velour with burnished gold cord caught by big buttons. By Laddie Northridge.

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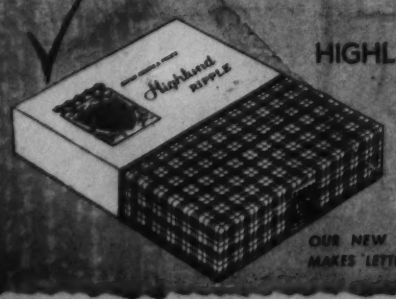

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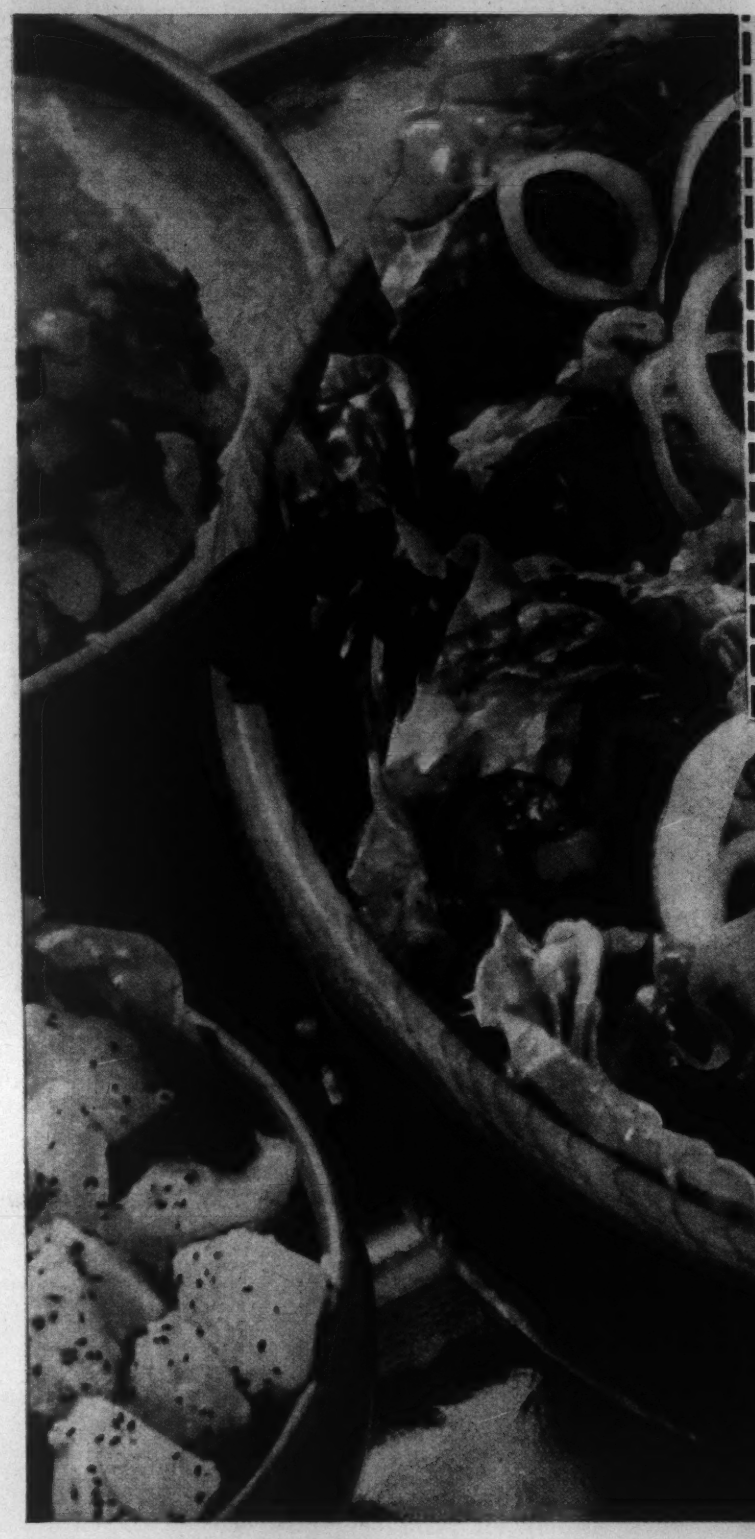

Five Favourite Recipes

★ **THOUSAND ISLAND DRESSING**—Mix 1 teaspoon Heinz Prepared Yellow Mustard, ¼ teaspoon sugar, ½ teaspoon salt, ⅛ teaspoon pepper, ⅛ teaspoon paprika, thoroughly. Add 1 egg. Beat well with rotary beater. Add ½ cup salad oil gradually, by drops, beating constantly. Add 1 tablespoon Heinz White Vinegar slowly, beating constantly. Slowly add 1½ cups salad oil alternately with 1½ tablespoons Vinegar until each is used, beating continuously. Add 6 tablespoons Heinz Tomato Ketchup, 3 tablespoons chopped green pepper and 3 tablespoons chopped stuffed olives. Serve over lettuce wedges. Yields 3 cups.

★ **QUICK COLE SLAW**—Combine 4 cups finely shredded cabbage, 1 green pepper cut in strips, 1 sweet red pepper cut in strips, few drops onion juice, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 tablespoon sugar, dash pepper. Mix 5 tablespoons mayonnaise with 2 tablespoons Heinz White Vinegar. Pour over cabbage. Mix well. Serve in lettuce cups or salad bowl. Serves 8.

★ **TOMATO ASPIC RING**—Combine one 10-oz. tin Heinz Condensed Cream of Tomato Soup, ¼ cup grated celery, 1 tablespoon grated onion, 1¼ teaspoons sugar, 1¼ teaspoons salt, ¼ teaspoon celery salt, dash red pepper, ⅔ cup water and 1 bay leaf. Heat 10 minutes. Strain. Soften 4 teaspoons unflavoured gelatin in ½ cup cold water. Add to hot liquid. Stir until dissolved. Add 2 tablespoons Heinz Distilled White Vinegar. Pour into individual ring moulds which have been rinsed in cold water. Chill until firm. Unmould in lettuce cups. Garnish with mayonnaise and sprigs of watercress. Serves 6.

★ **FAVOURITE FRENCH DRESSING**—Place ¼ cup sugar, 1 teaspoon salt and dash paprika in quart jar. Add ½ cup Heinz White Vinegar, 5 tablespoons Heinz Tomato Ketchup, ¾ cup salad oil and 3 tablespoons grated onion. Cover jar and shake thoroughly until well blended. Yields 1½ cups.

★ **SUMMER POTATO SALAD**—Combine 6 cups boiled, diced potatoes, 1 cup coarsely chopped sweet pickles, 3 hard-cooked eggs, chopped, 2 teaspoons finely chopped onion. Mix lightly. Combine 5 tablespoons Heinz White Vinegar gradually with 1 cup top milk. Add 1 tablespoon Heinz Prepared Yellow Mustard, 1 tablespoon salt, 1½ tablespoons celery seed. Pour this dressing over salad. Mix lightly. Arrange in salad bowl. Garnish with 3 medium tomatoes cut into wedges or with radish roses. Chill before serving. Serves 8.

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HEINZ VINEGARS

THE OTHER PAGE

The Wizards of Odds

By DAVID REDPATH

RECENTLY, while still carrying my right arm in a sling as the result of a fall, I had to make a train trip of some days in the course of which I visited four large cities. Because of my disability I was unable to do more than comb and brush one side of my head. So each morning I was in a hotel I had to call the bell captain and ask for a boy to be sent up.

On the nine occasions when I greeted those nine bell boys with "Will you please brush my hair?" not one of them laughed at the request. They didn't even break down and smile. A professional, "Yes, sir," in the United States and a "Very good, sir," here in Canada were the standard responses.

Managers and assistant managers, bell captains and porters (to which past-midde-aged bell captains usually gravitate) assure me that there is literally no request of inventive man that hasn't been met and handled by those slim, silent, efficient gentlemen of the "I'll check the bathroom supplies; here's the clothes closet; may I hang up your coat; anything sent to the laundry before nine is returned the same day; valet is one hour service; will there be anything else, sir?" school. They are taught to submit to the boors, flatter the egocentrics, cater to the spenders, assist Mr. and Mrs. Average Citizen in every way possible, handle the drunks and through it all remain—*on the surface* —completely unruffled. But "below stairs" in their own locker rooms, suppressed feelings which no amount of tips can assuage are let loose.

Any one who could lay hands on Superman's cloak of invisibility and sneak into those "wailing walls" would have no need to cry with Scotland's poet, "Oh, wad some power the giftie gie us To see oursel's as others see us!" He would hear himself described as that such-and-such in 472 —if such-and-such he were. I have often thought that a microphone planted in one of those locker rooms and hooked up to the system that feeds the radios in the individual guest rooms would be an excellent idea!

On this trip, while giving directions for the best treatment and arrangement of my sparse locks, I always managed to work in a question as to what—next to my request—was the oddest task the particular bell boy had performed in his line of duty. Varied and interesting answers resulted!

"THAT'S easy," replied one boy brightly, "I was breaking in in a small hotel in Chicago where the cheaper theatrical crowd hung out. For a month or so there was two-thirds of an acrobatic team there. The third guy was in hospital. For half an hour every morning and every afternoon those two fellows who were staying there hired me as a stand-in for the guy who was in hospital."

"What did you have to do?"

"Oh, one of them stood on one side of a double bed and the other on the opposite side. Then they tossed me from one to the other. I had to keep myself rigid, with my arms at my sides. It was always me they wanted because I weighed within a pound of the guy in hospital."

"What was he in hospital for?"

He laughed, "That's the funny part: I never asked them. I didn't have to. On the last day they were there one of them didn't catch me and the other one screamed and swore and said, 'That's just what you did when Manny slipped out of your arms!' Manny was the guy in hospital!"

Another rather morose individual told me in a monotone of how he had once had to feed a mongoose a guest kept in a cardboard box—three times daily.

I was intrigued, "You mean the management allowed him to keep it in his room?"

The monotone never lifted, "That was the hard part of it—there wasn't no mongoose in the box."

I think I was taken!

One hop—a man of perhaps forty —sheepishly admitted to having a nick-name as a result of what he had to do for a certain guest. It seems this guest, who was a resident of the hotel, was an arthritic old gentleman whose feet were in such a bad condition that he had to have wads of cotton wool placed between the toes every morning and removed each night. He was unable to bend over to attend to this rite himself so had to have the assistance of a bell boy. One by one the bell captain on successive days sent the staff to this task. Finally the old gentleman declared this one chap to be the most satisfactory. So for well over two years—until the poor soul was no longer able to get about and had to be removed to a "home"—it was this man's chore morning and night, whether or not the hours fell in his shift.

"Of course, his monthly tip was really like another salary," the "boy" concluded.

"But what was the nick-name?"

An embarrassed grin preceded the answer. "The Cotton Picker—and it's stuck for eight years."

Another thirty-ish chap couldn't think of anything he had had to do out of the ordinary but he did recall the experience of a friend of his.

"He was sent to a certain room, see, and when he knocked a voice told him to come in. Well, he opened the door and there, standing on a chair with a rope, made out of his bathrobe cord, tied to his neck was the guest. The other end of the rope, or cord, was fastened somehow to the molding that ran around the walls up near the ceiling."

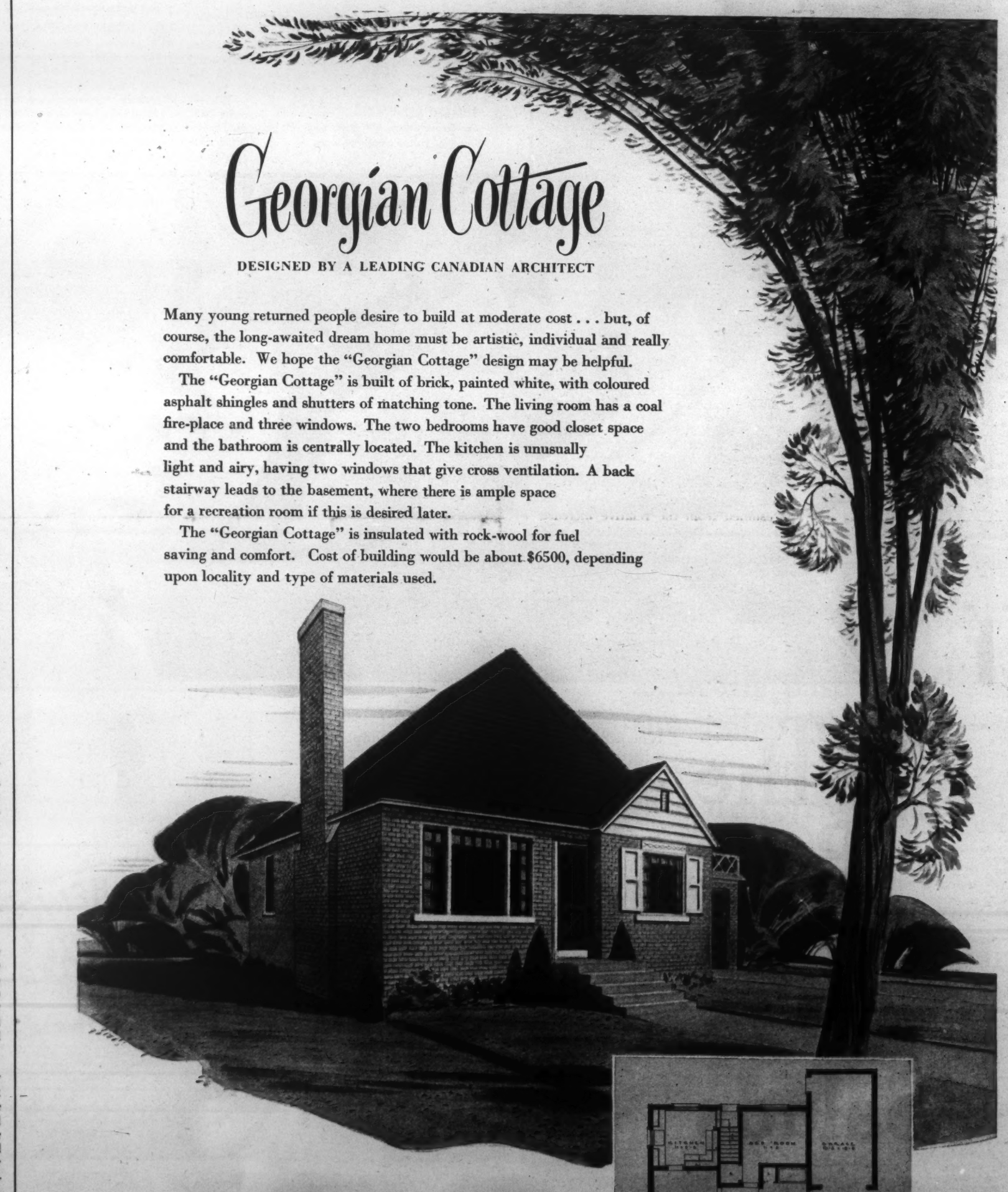
"What did your friend do?"

"He just stood there. The guest—a man of about forty, fairly short and stout—said to him. 'There's a five dollar bill on the dresser for you. All you have to do is give this chair a good, swift kick, then run like hell out of here.' Johnny—my friend—he thought to himself, 'If I don't he'll probably get up enough nerve to do it himself.' So he said, 'Yes, sir,' but he had made up his mind what he'd do.

"Well, he went over and stood very carefully in front of the chair and said, 'Ready, sir?' Johnny was one of the politest guys I ever knew. The man groaned and Johnny kicked the chair out from under him!"

"He didn't!" My eyes were popping by this time.

"Sure, but he caught him up high—like a high tackle—and kept him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from falling so that the noose only tightened a little bit. Then Johnny hooked a foot around the chair and brought it back again under the man. Johnny says he never saw any one work so fast as that man did to get that noose off his neck! Neither of them said a word but the man reached in his pocket for his wallet and pulled out a hundred-dollar bill and gave it to Johnny."

"What did Johnny say? Did he lecture him?"

"No, sir, like I said, Johnny was so darn polite that although he was shaking like a leaf all he said was the usual, 'Thank you, sir.' But he did run like hell out of that room then!"

A FRIEND of mine who spent his summer holidays one year as a bellboy has a trick he always plays when he's travelling. Like many another fond father he carries a leather-framed picture of his young daughter and son—two very attractive children. This always graces his bureau in any hotel room he occupies. If he calls for room service he invariably places fifteen cents in one lower vest pocket and twenty-five cents in the other. When the bellboy arrives with the tray my friend gives him every opportunity to earn the "two-bit" piece rather than the "three-jits" in that he always directs the boy to place the tray on the bureau. In this way the boy is brought face to face with the children. If he says anything about the picture he gets the quarter, otherwise fifteen cents is his reward. My friend, you see, in his bell-hopping days was taught to observe and remark on things like that, so, of course, he applies the standards he learned.

The bellboy has been exalted above all other mortals whenever tact has been discussed because of that famous story. A bell captain was instructing a rookie "hops" and wishing to impress him he cited an incident which had befallen his star pupil, now a full fledged bellboy. He told him, "Bill accidentally opened a bathroom door not long ago and there was a lady taking a bath. Of course, Bill instantly closed the door but as he did so he said, 'Pardon me, sir.' Now, my lad, that 'pardon' was etiquette but, mister, that 'sir' was *tact!*"

WALKING a dog is a bellboy's idea of Dante's Inferno. More boys have quit, one bell captain told me, because some pampered poodle had an obnoxious owner—99.9 per cent of them are fat, forty and female, I was told—than for any other dozen causes put together. A man will walk his own pup and never give it a thought, but just let him take some one else's dog for a walk in a city and he feels lower than on a morning after a pink-elephants-on-the-ceiling parade. A man—or sensitive youth—in a monkey suit such as is traditional with bellboys feels particularly conspicuous, and every last one of them, another captain averred, is positive that under these circumstances he has been the butt of myriad wisecracks.

An old "boy" (he must have been 65, although he declared he was "just turning fifty") gave me the best low-down on human nature I encountered. Actually he was the attendant in a men's washroom but he had been a bellboy for years. One of the boys of whom I asked my stock question suggested I should have a chat with "the old duffer" because he had really seen some queer things in his day. But before I asked my pat question I made the mistake of letting my curiosity get the better of me in another direction.

"Why," I asked him, "did you give up being a 'front boy' for this job?"

"Well, sir, I been around hotels a good many years and I seen a good many queer things. Mostly I think the travelling public is crazy. They leave *here* to go *there* to do something they could just as well, if not better, have done *here* as *there*. In fact, sir, it is my humble opinion that the travelling public's nuts and doesn't know what it wants. So I got fed up on it. And I asked for this job, here in the men's washroom, on account of, for my money, it's the only place in any hotel where the people seem to know what they're doing."

A Lady of Letters

By P. W. LUCE

"YOU sent me a note a few days ago," said my friend Hindle. "About that little matter, remember?"

"Oh, yes," I answered, vaguely. "Concerning that affair, wasn't it?"

"Exactly. I . . . er . . . took a certain liberty with it. Your handwriting struck me as singularly distinctive, not to say remarkably peculiar. So I had it grapho-analyzed by Madame Zetetic for a dollar."

"Oh!" I blinked. "Did you get your money's worth?"

"Read it," he said, producing a typewritten sheet with a flourish. "See yourself as an expert sees you."

"Significant though this handwriting is when considered in its complex totality," I read, "it is by the formation of the capital letters that our attention is first arrested. They indicate a broad tolerance, accompanied by nimbleness of mind in emergencies, imaginary or real. The "Q", though, is debased by a suggestion of a whorl on the outside of the inside of the lower curve of the penduncle, indicative of precipitate retreat from threatening danger at the first opportunity."

"Does she mean," I interrupted myself, "that I'd skip bail, or that I'd take to my heels if a Queen bee landed her swarm on my neck?"

"It's not impossible," admitted Hindle. "You haven't reached the deep stuff yet. Go on."

"A strong sympathetic nature, tinctured with austerity towards rank outsiders, but tempered by broad human understanding at irregular intervals, is revealed by the bold dotting of the 'i' at the end of words, as contrasted with absence of the dot over 'i' elsewhere. This final 'i'. . . ."

"Something wrong there," I broke in, scrutinizing the writing closely. "What English words end in 'i'?"

"Spaghetti, macaroni, and vermicelli," offered Hindle.

"And Mussolini," I added, for good Anglo-Saxon measure. "No matter! Those 'i's are really 't's. I always cross my 't's and never dot my 'i's."

"Then you misled Madame Zetetic," rebuked Hindle. "No wonder she finds a faint suggestion of duplicity in the billowing middle upright of your second initial, 'M'."

"Which I must insist is 'W'," I said, a bit testily—as who wouldn't when one's name is garbled. "Here she says I make my 'u' like an 'n', but with the bottom cup concave instead of convex. She has differentiated these letter by letter, and numbered the more striking examples."

"Horrible!" exclaimed Hindle, glancing at the scrawl.

"If I am not mistaken," I went on, "her numbered examples 1, 3, 4, 8, and 11, are 'o's, 7 is either an 'x' or an 'a', and 5 is a period set rather far from the end of the sentence."

"Go on," scowled Hindle. "Tear the grapho-analysis to bits. As if Madame Zetetic didn't know her stuff!"

"She's clever," I admitted, thinking of his dollar. "Listen to this for a bouquet of verbiage:

'The writer betrays spasmodic impatience with instinctive regularity by the conical, twisty upward tick of the small 'r', which are also characterized by extreme angularity where weight and pressure is evident. Napoleon Bonaparte, Charlotte Bronte, and Benedict Arnold never quite succeeded in making such an 'r', but Captain Kidd has left us a capital 'H' which, if heavier in the crossbar, might be considered as emphatic under duress, allowance made for glyphic influence.'"

"Would you mind going over that again," begged Hindle. "I may have missed some of the finer points."

"I missed them all," I confessed. "I think it's either a compliment or a reflection, or neither, or possibly both. Let's see what's next:

'A determination to grapple firmly with primitive causations might be presumed from the relative increase in the size of the letters in short words, but this is negatived by a careless surplussage in polysyllabics of dubious literary application. When the writer uses six 't's, two hyphens, and four 'r's in 'extra-territoriallity', and spells 'eleemosynary' with a repeated 'o', his lavish use . . .'

"Am I charged with mis-spelling simple words like 'extra-territoriallity' and 'eleemosynary'?" I asked, bitterly, for words are the tools of my trade and I defy any captious critic to find a single solitary blunder in my work if a competent proofreader has done his duty. "Your expert bases her grapho-analysis on false premises. She says the length of my capital 'T' stroke shows I have no sense of humor. That isn't a 'T' stroke; it's an underline for the word above."

"What's the word?" inquired Hindle. "I may as well confess I haven't been able to make head or tail out of your note."

"Sorry I can't help you," I sighed. "I can't read my own writing after it gets cold."

ALL ABOUT THE TOWN

THIS man remembers
When this Bank was a farm,
When the main street was
A dammed-up stream;

But no-one recalls
The birth of the city;
It happened at night
And most men were busy.

This man can tell you
The date of the Fire;
Many died, some lived,
Doctors were few.

But it slips the mind
When Justice failed;
They didn't matter
Who filled the jail.

Monuments tell
The fate of a few;
No-one wonders
If it's really true.

Cholera voted
To decrease the race;
He paid no taxes, had
Friends in high places.

That is familiar
To everyone,
But few remember
The aldermen.

It was common knowledge
That men were brave;
They never wondered
Why they lived.

Some ran screaming
To save themselves,
Hid at the knees
Of ash and elm.

But no-one cared
And no-one cares
That some had perfume
And some had sores.

This man knows history
And facts don't lie;
He steps on graves now
None too gently.

This man who speaks
To wag his tongue
Very often
May be wrong.

RONALD HAMBLETON

The Charming Cavalier dons a Leslie James original from California . . . dashing hat recalling the seventeenth century days of ruffles and romance. Symbolic of a season devoted to elegance . . . and the new, dramatic millinery at **EATON'S**

British Bread Rationing Still Unexplained

By JOHN L. MARSTON
Saturday Night's Financial Correspondent in London

After well over a month of bread rationing in Britain, it is still not clear why, with crop prospects so much improved, such a step was taken. The most likely explanation, suggests Mr. Marston, is that there appears to be no definite arrangement between Britain and the U.S. about feeding the 20 million people in the British zone of Germany, which area, somewhat inexplicably, is desperately short of food.

The food situation, in its turn, may have been responsible for the decision to merge Germany's Western zones, but as this move would apparently lift a lot of the responsibility of supplying wheat off Britain's shoulders, the reason for the step remains obscure.

London.

It is distressing, but a fact, that the British public never previously took so much interest in the wheat position as it takes now that bread rationing has put a cloak of reality around all the talk of scarcity. Crop prospects are watched with attention; the wheat deal with Canada has been presented with banner headlines by the popular Press. The public is wheat-conscious.

Whether the public has grasped the true reason for rationing is less certain. In public vehicles, public houses and queues, categorical statements are made that there was enough without rationing; and there is not the widespread condemnation which might be expected of the master bakers who refused to work a scheme solemnly declared by the elected Government to be necessary in the people's interests. For bread rationing is unpopular.

The fact that this unpopularity must have been recognized in advance by the Government (which nearly lost a by-election on the strength of it) suggests that there must have been solid grounds for the decision. Mr. Strachey, the Food Minister, has made out a reasonably convincing case in its favor. He has not, however, established beyond doubt that the risk of a break in supplies was imminent. Some critics are inclined to look for a reason beyond that which has been publicly stated.

Primary Object

It is necessary to be quite clear on what grounds the Government has, officially, taken this momentous step. The primary object was not to save "a few miserable tons of wheat," though a saving of 5-10 per cent of consumption has been estimated. In fact the basic ration of 9 ounces per person per day is comparatively generous for a country whose bread, though a vitally important supplementary food, is not its basic diet, as it is in some countries on the Continent of Europe.

Many people are exchanging bread units for the "points" which enable them to buy more canned foods and other semi-luxuries. The declared intention was "to gain safety and assurance for the bread supplies of the people, and fair and equitable distribution of those supplies to everybody."

It has been proved, by the muddle which accompanied the first days of rationing, that a sudden decision to ration bread at the last minute, when stocks were practically exhausted, might have had dangerous consequences.

Mr. Strachey has said that this year's harvest in the four great exporting countries "will have to turn out bigger by 11 million tons than the last harvest, only to start equal." He was warned that supplies in the "pipeline" by end-August will be down to 800,000 tons—about 8 weeks supply; and that the continuity of "pipeline" supplies cannot be guaranteed.

He argues that to make no provision for a temporary hitch would be to gamble with the people's bread. But he does not explain why—after Britain has survived two major wars without being forced to ration bread—this drastic action has been taken with crop prospects so much improved. Stocks are approaching their lowest at this time of year, and 8 weeks supply at the lowest point is not really catastrophic.

The U.S. Department of Agriculture's report indicates a world crop almost equal to the pre-war average of 5,900,000,000 bushels, compared with last year's 5,200,000,000; and Britain's long-term position has been greatly strengthened by the bulk-buying agreement with Canada—though admittedly this was being vigorously opposed by the U.S. just when the ration problem was at its crisis.

If the decision had been held over for a week or two the Government might, it is felt, have seen the matter in a different light.

But there is another possible explanation. It is that the Government, while taking no desperately gloomy view of the stock and crop prospect, still saw a serious risk looming ahead.

Besides the population of Britain, it is responsible for a zone of Germany with a population of about 20 millions. This zone, for no reason that has been fully and satisfactorily explained, is desperately short of food; and, whereas the United States has undertaken definite commitments regarding wheat for Britain, there appears to be no positive understanding about feeding Germany.

Indeed, the U.S. Minister of Agriculture seemed definitely to rule out such an undertaking when he stated recently that the U.S. had only one more commitment to fulfil, the provision of 200,000 tons of wheat for Britain. In August the U.S. is sending 120,000 tons of bread-grains to the British zone, but that is a part of the promised replacement of 200,000 tons diverted by Britain to the famine areas in April.

What agreement was reached in respect of the later diversion of 200,000 tons which was the subject of dispute between Mr. Morrison and the Administration is not clear; nor how much, if any, can be expected in the future.

The Zone Merger

The food position may have been the factor which induced the Government to accept the plan for merging the Western zones. They are not economically complementary, and their merging will have no great effect, internally, on the food position; but it will obviously be easier to shift the burden of the whole zone on to the United States if she is jointly responsible.

On this reasoning, Britain will no longer be responsible for the British zone's proportion of Germany's import requirement of 128,000 tons a month; and in that case the rationing of Britain's own supplies appears to have been unnecessary.

The decision on the merging of the German zones was made when bread rationing had already begun. Perhaps it accounts for the Food Minister's forecast that rationing will last only a few months.

So great an upheaval, merely to be sure that supplies in the few awkward weeks of this one year will be sufficient, certainly needs some explaining.

Urges Stable Buying Power Annuities

By I. D. WILLIS

The individual on a more or less fixed income is a chief sufferer when the dollar's buying power falls and prices advance. Even more affected are those persons with rigidly set incomes like pensions or annuities, or living on income from investments purchased over a lifetime of saving. This writer says that they are "as the grain between the millstones of rising prices and fixed incomes."

His solution would be a government issue of Maintained Buying Power Annuities, with the purchasing power of the dollar established each year on a basis similar to that for the present cost-of-living indices. Payments on these new annuities would be credited as so many Purchasing Power Units. When due, annuities would be paid in the number of dollars needed to give equivalent Purchasing Power Units.

NO MATTER how one looks at the budget, the outlook for the individual is pretty grim. The buying power of the dollar is falling steadily as prices advance. Organized Labor has been told, or at least given a mule-kick hint, that increases of 10 cents an hour are reasonable. Prices of practically all imported raw materials, component parts and finished goods are rising steadily. Canadian production is at a low ebb. The position of the individual citizen is an unenviable one.

Even those who have some control over their earning power through membership in a labor organization, through individual wage or salary increase negotiations, through rising prices for the goods or services that they sell, and the like, are going to find it impossible to keep up with rising living costs. Experience teaches us that. But if it is going to be hard on these people (and the government is doing far too little for them by raising the income tax exemption to $750 for single persons; it should be $1,000 for single and $2,000 for married) what about the many thousands of unfortunates who have a fixed income and who, by reason of their age, position or infirmity, are unable to do anything to increase it?

Canadians on fixed income face a perilous future where their income stands to steadily depreciate in buying power. These people deserve special consideration and it is, surely, the responsibility of the government to take adequate action to protect them. Consider who these people are; there are those who must live on pensions because of what they have suffered in the service of their country; there are those who have pensions earned by years of loyal service to an employer; there are those who, by years of thrift, have won so-called security in the form of annuities;

(Continued on Next Page)

THE BUSINESS ANGLE

The Business Angle, which customarily appears in this space, will be resumed on Mr. Richards' return from vacation.

Blast furnaces of Stelco's Hamilton Works. Since the strike 1,800 tons of steel have been produced daily, against a normal 3,000 tons.

Trip wire with bells at picket post warns of anyone leaving plant.

Company supply boat. One of 23 corvettes used for scrap in background.

Photos by E. S. Stock

There are five canteens each capable of serving 500 meals per sitting.

(*Continued from Page* 30)

there are those who trust to income from investments in real estate or stocks and bonds; there are those who have just enough to get by and still remain self-sufficient and self-respecting by living on diminishing capital.

All these people have worked for what they are now getting back in revenues, or else they are benefitting by the work of parents or others who saved and passed on their savings. But however they come to have this income, they are entitled to be protected in the enjoyment of it against conditions over which they can have no control. And the government is doing nothing to give this protection.

In actual fact, unearned income in excess of $1,500 a year carries a surtax, a penalty; there seems to be no qualification as to whether or not the recipient is married or single. Here is one place that the government could step in. This minimum for surtax should be raised to $3,000 for single and $6,000 for married persons. Up to those levels, let their income be subject to the ordinary tax rates; above it, let surtax apply.

But that is not enough. Those living on fixed income need protection against inflation to compensate for their inability — which is no fault of theirs — to increase their income. A move in this direction would be to give those living upon so-called unearned income (a complete misnomer for all income is earned at some time or other) a specially high exemption from income tax.

On the basis that exemption for earned income is $1,000 for single, and $2,000 for married, as it should be, then the exemption level for unearned income should be at least $1,500 for single persons and $3,000 for married. This would give some measure of protection against rising prices and allow these people to maintain that standard of living for which they have striven and to which they are accustomed. Where income is part earned and part unearned, it is suggested that a *pro rata* exemption should apply.

Nor is it enough for this exemption to be a thing of the future. It should be made effective at once. During the war, prices have risen and the buying power of fixed income (and all other) dollars has depreciated accordingly. Wage earners received cost-of-living bonuses, but those on unearned income received no compensation and were expected to do their share in buying Victory Bonds and War Savings Certificates. They did their part loyally, but the financial burden of the war weighed more heavily upon them than upon any other class. They deserve relief now; not in the future.

Short-Term Remedies

These, however, are but short-term remedies for a long-range problem. If people are to be able to look forward to retirement and time to enjoy life, as it cannot be enjoyed while working; if they are to be assured of the full fruits of thrift and saving, it is imperative that they be guaranteed that the final buying power of their savings, in the form of "income dollars", shall be the same as those that they put by for the future. As it now stands, a person may set up an annuity of, say, $100 a month payable 20 years from now, only to find, when the annuity becomes payable, that it is only worth about $75 a month in buying power. This is wrong. The remedy is plain. Annuities should be payable in terms of buying power. Probably no insurance company would be prepared to undertake to do this, but there is no reason why the government should not.

The solution to this problem would appear to be for the government to issue Maintained Buying Power Annuities. The purchasing power of the dollar would be established each year — in the same way as the cost-of-living indices were established for cost-of-living bonuses—and all payments on these annuities would be credited as so many Purchasing Power Units. When the M. B. P. Annuities came due they would be paid in the number of dollars needed to give the equivalent Purchasing Power Units. Obviously the number of dollars paid would vary from year to year as the official buying power was established. Such an annuity system would assure maintained purchasing power for annuitants and give them adequate assurance of security.

Such a scheme might have to be introduced gradually, but certainly all pensions to ex-servicemen and ex-servicewomen and their dependents should go automatically, and at once, onto this basis. All those holding, or buying, government annuities should be allowed to participate and all insurance policies leading to annuities should be transferable to M. B. P. Annuities by arrangement between the parties concerned. Pensions paid by private firms should be taken over by the government and turned into M. B. P. Annuities, through negotiation with the paying firms.

A strong and vigorous policy along these lines would shortly give a great measure of security to many thousands of Canadians. It is something that is badly needed and on which action should be taken promptly.

Under present conditions Canadians who live on unearned incomes are helpless. They are as the grain between the upper millstone of rising prices and the lower millstone of fixed income. Unless something is done at once to relieve the pressure upon them, we shall see thousands suffering through no fault of their own and the living standards of a large section of our population going steadily downhill. Now is the time to act to protect those who cannot help themselves.

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Consolidated Press Limited
DIVIDEND No. 25

Notice is hereby given that a quarterly dividend of 25 cents per share for the quarter ending September 30th, 1946, and an extra dividend of 50 cents per share has been declared on the Class "A" shares of the Company payable on the 1st day of October, 1946, to shareholders of record at the close of business on the 13th day of September, 1946.

By order of the Board,
E. L. Patchet,
Toronto, Ont. Treasurer.
June 6, 1946.

Dominion Textile Co. Limited

Notice of Preferred Stock Dividend

A DIVIDEND of One and Three-Quarters per cent (1¾%) has been declared on the Preferred Stock of DOMINION TEXTILE COMPANY, Limited, for the quarter ending 30th September, 1946, payable 15th October, 1946, to shareholders of record 16th September, 1946.

By order of the Board,
L. P. WEBSTER,
Secretary.
Montreal, August 21st, 1946.

Dominion Textile Co. Limited

Notice of Common Stock Dividend

A DIVIDEND of One Dollar and Twenty-five cents ($1.25) per share, has been declared on the Common Stock of DOMINION TEXTILE COMPANY, Limited, for the quarter ending 30th September, 1946, payable 1st October, 1946, to shareholders of record 5th September, 1946.

By order of the Board,
L. P. WEBSTER,
Secretary.
Montreal, August 21st, 1946.

NEWS OF THE MINES

Groundhog River Find Reported as Better Than Average Prospect

By JOHN M. GRANT

EVEN with the limited exposure as it now stands, the discoveries can be classed as better than average for a prospect in the very early stages of development, is the opinion expressed by Dr. Nelson Hogg, Ontario government resident geologist at Porcupine, in a preliminary report on the Rush Lake showings, in the Groundhog River area. In releasing the report, Hon. L. M. Frost, Mines Minister, states that as soon as more stripping of the veins has been carried out, the entire area around the veins will be re-mapped. The report points out that Joseph Burke and Maynard Bromley, prospectors for Rush Lake and Berwick Gold Mines panned gold from the rusty weathering on an outcrop one quarter mile south of Mackeith Lake in Keith township on June 11, 1946. Colors were obtained on panning the material from at least seven different places on the property.

•

News of the gold discoveries in the Groundhog River area resulted in a rush to the scene, which at last report was continuing and the ground has now been staked for nearly 10 miles along the strike in both directions. As a result of the staking rush there were 252 recordings at the Sudbury recording office in the first 15 days of August bringing the year's total to 2,831, slightly more than recorded for the whole of 1945, with expectations the year's total will likely be the highest for many years. A group of 27 claims, adjoining immediately west of the Rush Lake-Berwick discovery group, has been acquired by Pen-Rey Gold Mines and a new company is being formed. A new company is reported formed on the MacLeod group, adjoining east of Rush Lake. Dulama Gold Mines, which originally staked nine claims adjoining north of Rush Lake-Berwick holdings, has staked another group of nine claims farther along the strike to the west. McIntyre Porcupine was early in the district and Vincent Mining Corporation has staked 27 claims in Keith township, tying on northeast of the main showing. Kalbrook Mining Company has taken an option on the Bromley group of 12 claims. Kalbrook had earlier staked 45 claims adjoining the Penko Gold Mines holding in the northeast corner of Penhorwood township.

•

A $575,000 refinery is to be bui't by the Tantalum Mining and Refining Corporation of America at Edmonton, Alberta, as soon as supplies are available, it is announced by Dr. Daniel Gardner, of New York, expert on rare metals. The refinery will include one of the finest research laboratories of its kind in the world, according to Dr. Gardner, who states that once materials are available it will take at the maximum, six months to erect the plant. With the refinery located at Edmonton, it will be comparatively inexpensive to ship concentrates from the Peg Tantalum 100-ton mill at Foss Lake, near Yellowknife. The Peg properties, he added, assure adequate supplies. Three pegmatite dykes containing tantalite, the ore from which tantalum is extracted, will provide supplies for at least 40 years, he estimated, and added there are 75 dykes on the claims held by Peg.

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After making a world survey of markets and talking to leading industrialists, Dr. Gardner, who will supervise the installation of machinery in the proposed refinery, is convinced that the demand for tantalum metal will continue to grow and supplies will have to be kept up. Already the metal is used for a variety of purposes such as in metal cutting tools, surgical instruments, surgical plates, since it is non-injurious to human tissues, paints and ceramics, stainless steel and combustion and jet propulsion motors. It has a high tensile strength and great resistance to heat. It was admitted by Dr. Gardner that the present price of tantalum—about $75 a pound — is high but he expects this will be cut considerably when the new refinery, using the most modern methods, starts production. According to Dr. Gardner only in Ross Lake, Northwest Territories and two fields in Siberia is tantalum found in metallic form. The important Ross Lake deposits occur in massive formations and have a head start over other deposits of tantalite—bearing minerals because they contain ore in which only about half a dozen easily extractable impurities are present.

•

Visible gold has been encountered in crosscuts on two levels, and also in a new vein struck in the shaft at 490 feet, at Louvicourt Goldfields, progress of which was dealt with in these columns last week. The vein met in the bottom of the shaft proved to be 10 feet of solid quartz when the shaft was mucked out. Five muck samples averaged $12.52. This vein was not located in diamond drilling. Company officials are optimistic over the possibilities presented by this development as well as those on the two top levels where initial results have exceeded diamond drill indications. The crosscut so far on the 375-foot level has opened up 24 feet of ore and is still in it. On the 225-foot horizon the crosscut has met with typical conditions with a 4½ foot vein showing visible gold. The objective of the shaft is 750 feet and it is now down below 500 feet.

•

Due to the increase in the price of silver La Rose-Rouyn Mines proposes to resume mining operations in the near future. Plans are now said to be about completed for the opening of two and possibly four of the company's mines. The company is at present the owner of 11 properties in the Cobalt area, five of which were substantial producers of silver and cobalt in the past. According to Geo. McKeown, secretary, sampling of the ore reserves just completed shows an estimated profit (before taxes) in excess of $1,000,000.

•

E. M. Thomson, president of Jason Mines Limited reports that a mill superintendent has been engaged and that the mill crew are readying the mill for production, which should be, as reported at the annual meeting, sometime in September. At the time of the annual meeting the shaft had been completed to the sixth and seventh levels on the No. 1 vein. The crosscut on the sixth level reached the vein ahead of schedule, and the first assay yielded a return of .91 oz. across a width of 44 inches at that time the seventh level crosscut had about 50 feet to go before reaching the vein.

•

Higher costs caused a sharp decline in net income of McIntyre Porcupine Mines for the three months ending June 30, 1946, which is the

(*Continued on Page* 35)

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GOLD & DROSS

It is recommended that answers to inquiries in this department be read in conjunction with the Business and Market Forecast.

C.J.B., Lindsay, Ont.—A diamond drilling campaign was resumed in the spring on the property of PERSHON GOLD MINES, consisting of five claims in Pershing township, Quebec, adjoining Croinor Pershing Mines on the southwest. I have not heard that the new program has as yet revealed anything of importance, but officials appear hopeful that further drilling will duplicate the good results previously obtained. Favorable results were reported from the last three drill holes in earlier work. Surface work and diamond drilling was carried out last year.

F. C. M., Ingersoll, Ont. — As far as I am aware NIKI SILVER-COBALT LIMITED has not yet made any shipments of cobalt-silver ore. The property, which consists of five mining leases, approximately 199 acres in Whitson township, Temiskaming mining district, was dewatered in 1944 and some development work has been carried out. I have seen no recent statement as to the company's financial position.

M. C. D., Westmount, Que. — The JOHN INGLIS CO., LTD., has a substantial volume of business on its books and the president states that important rights have been secured for a number of products. Due to cancellation of war contracts and the effect on operations of plant reconversion, the company's report for the fiscal year ended March 31, 1946, showed a loss of $81,163. However, with the settlement of an outstanding claim and profit on the sale of investments which aggregate $388,888, the company was able to report an improvement in both earned surplus and working capital. In the previous year, the company reported net earnings of $166,743. After giving effect to the payment of dividends and the year's loss the earned surplus was increased to $1,143,759 from the $898,534 total on March 31 of the previous year and working capital rose from $1,346,508 to $1,477,498 this year.

J.G.E., Kingston, Ont. — You are undoubtedly aware that STEWART-ABATE GOLD MINES, with a property of 400 acres in Beatty Township, Larder Lake mining division, has been inactive for four years, the suspension of operations being due to wartime conditions. I understand that the company has been making plans to resume operations as soon as conditions permit but as yet I have seen no announcement as to when this will be.

M.E.E., Toronto, Ont. — I understand DOREVA GOLD MINES retains a substantial interest in the company's original property in Bousquet township, and an interest in Saturnyte Gold Mines. It was reported late last year that the latter company had secured a few low values, one narrow high-grade intersection in encouraging geological formations . . . . Mooshla Gold Mines is still inactive. It retains its 31 claim property, which is partially developed, in Bousquet township, Quebec. A couple of years ago it sold a property to Lapalartic Mines for a share interest. While the company's financial position has not recently been reported, the last statement showed $13,000 in Dominion of Canada bonds, $10,000 in loan receivable and $6,000 in accounts, interest and dividends receivable Investments with a market value of $16,700 were shown, which is perhaps higher now and liabilities were in the neighborhood of $6,000.

K. H. Y., Woodstock, Ont. — Yes, SARNIA BRIDGE CO., LTD., will pay a regular dividend of 25 cents per common share plus an extra of 10 cents on Sept. 15. With these payments, disbursements this year will amount to 60 cents a share as a dividend of 25 cents was paid on March 15 last. In 1945 the company paid 50 cents a share, in 1944, 25 cents and in 1943, 65 cents. Capital was reorganized in 1943 whereby the old class "A" preferred and class "B" stocks were exchanged on the basis of three shares new common for 1 share "A" and 1 share new common for 3 shares B. Arrears of 24 cents a share on the class "A" stock were eliminated by the plan.

G.A.M., Shawville, Que. — The results of the preliminary drilling program on the Arseno-Ra group, of DIVERSIFIED MINING INTERESTS (CANADA) LIMITED, in the Indin Lake area, Northwest Territories, have given such promise that a complete mining plant has been purchased for delivery as soon as possible. The company also proposes to concentrate its attention on the Indin Lake ground and dispose of most of other properties held (four already have been sold) on the most advantageous terms. The results of the surface work and diamond drilling has, it is officially stated, indicated an important fault structure carrying

The Stock Appraiser

By W. GRANT THOMSON

SUCCESSFUL investment depends on knowing two things:—(1) What to buy (or sell) (2) When to buy (or sell). The Stock Appraiser—a study of Canadian stock habits—answers the first question.

All active and well distributed stocks (with a few minor exceptions) advance or decline with the Averages. The better grade investment stocks do not normally move as fast as the averages, while on the other hand the very speculative issues have a relative velocity more than twice or three times as great.

The STOCK APPRAISER divides stocks into three Groups according to their normal velocity in relation to the Averages.

The Factors affecting the longer term movements of a company's shares are ascertained from a study of their normal habits. Predominant Factors are shown as:

GROUP "A"—Investment Stocks
GROUP "B"—Speculative Investments
GROUP "C"—Speculations

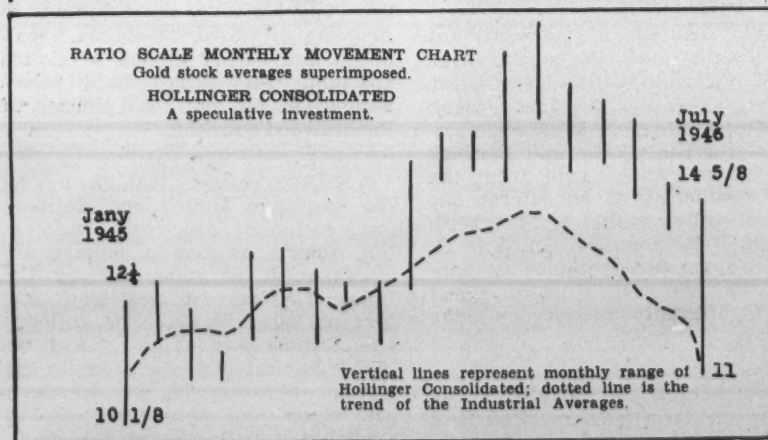
1. FAVORABLE
2. NEUTRAL or
3. UNATTRACTIVE

A stock rated Favorable or Neutral-Plus has considerably more attraction than those with a lower rating, but it is imperative that purchases be made, even of stocks with favorable ratings, with due regard to timing, because few stocks will go against the trend of the Averages.

The investment Index is the yield of any stock expressed as a percentage of the average yield of all stocks, thus showing at a glance the relative investment value placed on it by the "bloodless verdict of the market-place."

Hollinger Consolidated Gold Mines, Limited

			Averages	Hollinger
PRICE 31 July 46	— $12.50			
YIELD	— 3.2%	Last 12 months	Down 14.7%	Up 4.1%
INVESTMENT INDEX	— 119	Last 1 month	Down 11.7%	Down 12.3%
GROUP	— "B"	1942 low—1946 high	Up 193.6%	Up 243.4%
FACTORS	— Neutral-Plus	Dec. from 1946 high	Down 34.4%	Down 44.4%



SUMMARY — Hollinger has produced gold for 35 years and has been paying dividends since 1912. It is a company in which Canadian Life Insurance companies may invest but the latest report shows only 6000 shares so held.

While those who trade in mining shares sometimes claim that Hollinger does not provide sufficient speculative opportunities it would seem that the above analysis of its more recent movements will contradict that statement.

Hollinger is currently selling on a yield basis little better than long term obligations of the Dominion of Canada, making it apparent that investors have great faith in the future of the gold mining industry and also of Hollinger's outside interests.

Average Relative Velocity on the last three market legs has been 110 which is much better than most of the gold mines and lending confidence towards its future market behaviour. The Investment Index, while declining during the past year, has held better than most of the golds. Apart from its low yield Hollinger is an attractive speculative investment.

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Chartered Accountants
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promising gold-bearing veins. So far, three deposits are known along the fault zone for a length of 5,100 feet and this structure continues another 8,000 feet on the property, but no exploration has yet been undertaken along the south 8,000 feet. Three parallel veins are indicated in the No. 1 deposit and an exceptionally promising ore shoot is said indicated along the "A" vein zone, with the full length not yet known. The chances also are reported as promising for important ore shoots along the "B" and "C" zones in this deposit. An ore shoot has been indicated by the few holes completed on the No. 3 deposit. Up-to the middle of June, 33 diamond drill holes were completed totalling over 7,000 feet. The main drilling was along the No. 1 deposit were the gold-bearing zone has been traced continuously for 975 feet along the strike with two nearly parallel deposits each indicated fairly closely for 400 and 460 feet respectively along the strike. Further drilling is to be carried out while awaiting delivery of the plant and geological mapping and prospecting of the ore structure to be continued southward from the No. 3 deposit. It is also proposed at the same time to section by a few drill holes certain mineralized zones already discovered south and east of the No. 3 deposit. Payment of a further $150,000 has just been made in the Diversified treasury bringing the funds available for the underground development program close to $250,000.

W.M.F., Saint John, N.B.—With the dividend of 85 cents per common share to be paid Oct. 15, INTERNATIONAL BRONZE POWDERS LTD. will have paid out $1.50 per share during the current calendar year, which compares with 80 cents a year for the previous three years. Payment of the current dividend indicates that the company may place the stock on a $1.50 basis, as earnings have been good and a dividend increase on the common is considered warranted.

D.E.C., Edmonton, Alta. — ALUMINIUM LTD. estimated its consolidated profits at $4,300,000 for the first half of its current year. Earnings for the period were equivalent, after preferred dividends, to $5.45 per common share, and compared with $5,600,000 or $7.20 per common share for the first half of 1945. The 1946 profit does not include $1,500,000 net U.K. excess profits tax postwar refund received in June. It is after allowing for $500,000 exchange loss on net current assets in respect of the recent revaluation of the Canadian dollar, which amount, it is estimated, will also be indicative of the net effect such revaluation will have on second half operations. As compared with Canadian ingot output in the first half of last year, at 46 per cent of the peak war rate, ingot operations in the first half of this year were 30 per cent of the peak rate and are currently 40 per cent. Reflecting the reduction in ingot prices, exports for commercial use in U.K., U.S. and other markets are being resumed in volume.

M.McC., Bornemouth, England — While TONAWANDA MINES LIMITED is still in existence it has reported no recent activity. A group of nine claims are held in Ogden township, Porcupine district, but, its entire capitalization of 5,000,000 shares has been issued. A block of 100,000 shares of Rusk Porcupine Mines is owned, the latter company having a property in Bristol township, in the same area. Some diamond drilling has been done on the Rusk property which recently came under the control of new financial interests. At last report previous diamond drill results were being checked over with a view to resumption of exploration. An unlisted broker informs me that Tonawanda shares are offered at 1½ cents with no bid for the stock.

BUSINESS AND MARKET FORECAST

Foreign News Jolts Markets

By HARUSPEX

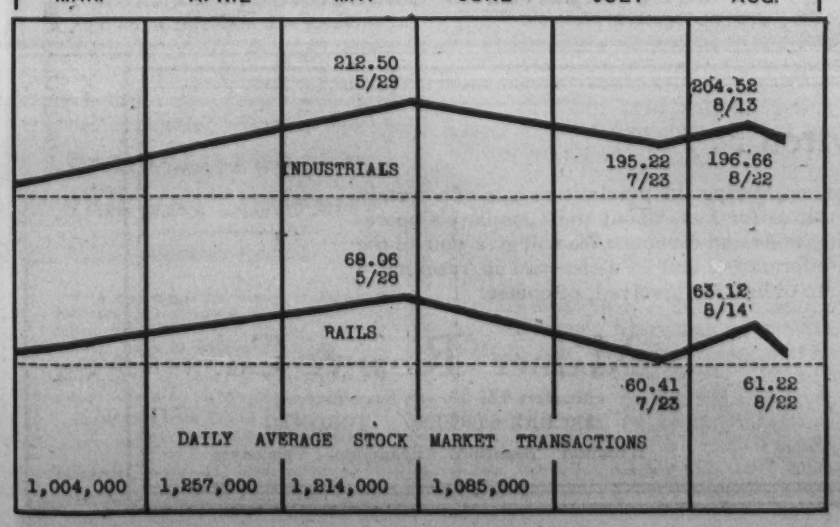
THE ONE TO TWO-YEAR NEW YORK MARKET TREND WHICH DOMINATES CANADIAN STOCK PRICES: With post-war recovery now under way, the one to two-year market trend, while subject to occasional intermediate interruption, such as that witnessed since February, is regarded as forward.

THE INTERMEDIATE TREND of the market is to be classed as downward from the May-June high points of 212.50 on the Dow-Jones industrial average, 68.31 on the rail average. Since July an attempt at reversal to upward direction has been under way.

Caution has been the watchword among investors over recent months and market emphasis, at one time and another, has been given to various adverse news reports. Thus, the recent market setbacks would seem to tie in with concern over the international political situation. Unless, however, war is to immediately arise out of developments in the foreign field (and informed consensus is strongly against any such eventuality), the firmer stand being taken by the United States and Britain against Russian tactics may actually prove constructive. Russian aggression since war's end has been a definite contributant to the current uneasy psychology and if the "cold turkey" attitude now apparently being adopted by the Democracies stops such aggression the whole world, including such a sensitive barometer as the American stock market, will breathe easier.

Meanwhile, it should not prove amiss to point out that the American Congress has adjourned, anticipated poor first half earnings have been published, uncertainty over O.P.A.'s death or revival has just ended, and the worst half of the labor year is over. The path, in other words, has been cleared for less uncertainty and better earnings and dividends over the months ahead. Accordingly, while evidence is not present that the current market irregularity has ended, there are prospects of better prices in the offing. We quote from our Forecast of August 17: "So long as the railroad and industrial averages can hold above their lows of the past six months, there would seem strong reasons for expecting an eventual upward spurt of sizable dimensions. Only the decisive breaking of such lows on volume, as would be disclosed by closes in **both averages at or below 59.40 and 185.01**, would upset the pattern."

DOW JONES STOCK AVERAGES



A Basic Industry
—Returns 4.70%

For more than thirty-four years Canadian Car & Foundry Company, Limited has been engaged in the production of car and foundry products. It is now the largest enterprise of its type in the Dominion, with a diversified output including railway cars, street cars, motor buses, trackless trolleys and mine cars, as well as a wide range of foundry and machine shop products.

Earnings of the Company in the fiscal year ended September 30, 1945, available for dividends, amounted to $1,271,684 compared with dividend requirements on the Class "A" Shares amounting to $400,000 per annum. It is anticipated that earnings during the current fiscal year, available for dividends, will be more than two and one-half times dividend requirements.

We offer as principals:

Canadian Car & Foundry Company, Limited

Convertible Non-Callable Class "A" Shares

Entitled to non-cumulative preferential dividends of $1.00 per annum

Price: At the market about $21 per share, to yield about 4.70%

In the opinion of Counsel, these Class "A" Shares are a legal investment for funds of Insurance Companies registered under The Canadian and British Insurance Companies Act, 1932, as amended.

Descriptive circular furnished gladly upon request.

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Limited

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Your investment programme should be carefully planned.

The application of time tested principles for investment planning will go a long way towards offsetting the effect of unfavourable influences upon your invested capital. At the same time they will help you to obtain the maximum amount of income commensurate with security.

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ABOUT INSURANCE

Future of British Business Under Present Socialist Government

By GEORGE GILBERT

Though the carrying out of the National Insurance Act and the Industrial Injuries Act will affect those engaged in certain lines of insurance in Great Britain, there is a large field remaining in which private insurers can increase and expand their business both inside and outside the country.

It is reasonable to expect that the operation of these social insurance measures will have the effect of making the people more insurance-minded, and that the more they enjoy the benefits of insurance the more they will be inclined to supplement the limited State coverage with more complete protection.

THOSE engaged in Great Britain in the insurance industry and transacting a world-wide business are wondering what the future has in store for them, in view of the social security or national insurance measures now in force in that country. However, there is one fact which is regarded as providing an answer to their problems, and that is, that the export trade of Britain must not only be re-established but must be greatly increased. In that respect, British insurance plays and will continue to play an important part with its large volume of "invisible" exports.

As has been pointed out before, while the population is 45,000,000, Britain can provide for only 15,000,000, so that two-thirds of the population is dependent upon the re-establishment and prosperity of the export trade.

At the recent annual conference dinner of the Chartered Insurance Institute, held at Newcastle-upon-Tyne, Mr. Arthur S. Rogers, vice-president of the Institute and who is also chairman of the British Insurance Association, in proposing the toast of "His Majesty's Ministers," said among other things, "His Majesty's Ministers have seen us through the most trying period in our history, and whether we envy them or not we can be profoundly grateful to them for their whole-hearted devotion to His Majesty and to His Majesty's subjects."

After mentioning that there had been some recent changes in the personnel among the Ministers, he said: "The Minister of National Insurance—who is with us tonight and whom we cordially welcome—is, like most of us who are present, devoting himself to insurance affairs. He is helping to make the country more insurance-minded. As a people we are not sufficiently insurance-minded which is a curious fact, seeing that British insurers lead the van in the transaction of world-wide insurance business."

"But," he added, " we are improving in many respects and eventually we may catch up with some countries who are at present ahead of us. I do not say ahead of us in what we call social insurance, because in that regard we have made and are making big strides forward, but rather in the voluntary protection of ourselves and our properties against inevitable loss either by death, accident, fire or other fortuitous circumstances." Then, turning to the Minister of National Insurance, he said: "That is why, Mr. Griffiths, I credit you with helping us all to become more insurance-minded, because I believe the more the benefits of insurance are enjoyed by the population the more they will desire to protect themselves against all contingencies."

He also said that he has had the privilege of contacts with His Majesty's Ministers, and that their appreciation of the value of British insurance in its contribution to the welfare of the country—its value as an invisible export — has been beyond question. Sir Stafford Cripps, president of the Board of Trade, a Government department, he stated, has shown a complete understanding of the problems on which he has been consulted, and British insurers are very grateful to him. They have many difficulties to face as insurers, he admitted, in maintaining and, they hope, extending their world-wide operations, and it helps them to know that their problems are understood in high places.

Minister Learns a Lot

In his reply the Minister of National Insurance, Rt. Hon. James Griffiths, P.C., M.P., said that during the past 12 months he had learned a great deal about insurance. He had had the privilege and the great responsibility of piloting through Parliament two insurance measures—the Industrial Injuries Bill and the National Insurance Bill. Both measures are now on the statute books of the country.

He referred to the fact that in 1911, when David Lloyd George was piloting his National Health Insurance Bill through the British House of Commons, there was much opposition to the measure. There were large numbers of people who, for one reason or another, opposed the advent of the State into the field of insurance, and also a considerable number of people who did not want to go into insurance at all, even if it were State insurance. In the present case, his experience has been different, he said, as he has not had a single letter complaining that he was bringing anyone into the scheme, but had received hundreds of anxious letters from people who hoped to be inside it. He took this as an indication, he said, that the value of insurance in the country is now well understood and established, and that insurance is something which people now regard as a shield against adversity in life.

In 1911, he noted, there were also many people in the insurance world, representatives of friendly societies and representatives of various bodies engaged in the field of voluntary insurance, who feared that the advent of the State and the establishment of a compulsory system would be the death knell of voluntary effort.

But, he said, the subsequent years showed that that fear was groundless, as the advent of the State has not led to a decrease but a substantial increase in voluntary insurance of every kind. He believed that his great compatriot, Lloyd George, in 1911 had helped to make the people insurance-minded. He did not think for a moment that the coming into operation of the Industrial Injuries Act and the National Insurance Act would lead to a reduction in voluntary insurance.

Must Show Adaptability

He had no doubt that what will happen will be that voluntary insurance will have to adapt itself to the changed circumstances, but it will not be the first time in history that voluntary insurance has shown its adaptability. He was certain there were fields in which voluntary insurance could be a fine supplement to what can be done by national insurance.

He ventured to predict that the present State insurance schemes will not have a harmful effect on the business of private insurers or on the business of friendly societies. With him, he said, it was a conviction that security is good for the people, and he believed that social security will give the people new courage, a new spirit of adventure. He believed that it was not the Government's insurance measures that would do any harm to voluntary insurance but economic considerations if they arise —no job, no wages, no prospects.

If they provided, as he believed they would provide, full employment and an ever-rising standard of life, as they must if they are to survive as a great nation,—and the war had proved that they have the necessary qualities—there would be no economic pressure to kill the spirit of insurance.

He contended that they were entering a stage in which the life of the nation, and indeed the life of the world, would have to be planned. Indeed, if civilization was to survive they must plan to that purpose, he said. He put the pertinent question: "Can we in that planned economy secure the preservation and development of that which has been the unique British contribution to history — democratic freedom, the right of the individual to have a soul of his own?" He believed that Great Britain had the greatest chance of showing the world that they could plan things and "preserve, indeed enhance, the dignity of human personality and the freedom of the human soul."

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Inquiries

Editor, About Insurance:

Can you inform me as to the average rates charged in Canada for fire insurance during the past few years? I would like to get the rates for one-year policies and for three-year policies separately, if they are available. I understand that the rates have been showing a steady reduction in recent years. Is the trend still downward?

—W. C. L., Niagara Falls, Ont.

With respect to the average rates charged for fire insurance in Canada by companies operating under Dominion registry, the rates for one-year policies are shown separately in the annual reports of the Superintendent of Insurance, Ottawa, but not for three-year policies, the rates for two and three policies being lumped together. The average rates for one-year policies for each of the five years, 1940 to 1944 inclusive, are shown to have been as follows: 1940, 53 cents per $100 of insurance; 1941, 58 cents per $100; 1942, 61 cents; 1943, 63 cents; 1944, 63 cents. For two-year and three-year policies, the figures are: 1940, 81 cents per $100; 1941, 75 cents; 1942, 76 cents; 1943, 73 cents; 1944, 71 cents. For the total business, including one-year, two-year and three-year policies, the figures are: 1940, 60 cents per $100; 1941, 64 cents; 1942, 66 cents; 1943, 65 cents; 1944, 66 cents per $100 of insurance.

Chinese lantern maker You Te Tong, of Singapore, is back at his peace-time occupation. The sidewalk serves as his workshop and showroom, for he lives in an adjacent attic which is not big enough for him to work in. The frame of the lantern is of thin bamboo and the outer covering of cotton cloth is sewn and glued together, with apertures at either end for the insertion of electric bulbs. The lanterns are then painted in bright colors and hung in the strong sunlight until dry.

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Editor, About Insurance:

Can you tell me how long the Palatine Insurance Company has been in business, and the amount of the assets held in this country for the protection of its Canadian policyholders? What is the volume of the business it does in Canada? Its head office is in London, Eng., I understand.

—R.T.E., Winnipeg, Man.

The Palatine Insurance Company, Limited, with head office at London, Eng., and Canadian head office at Montreal, was incorporated in 1900, and has been operating in Canada under Dominion registry since 1912. It is regularly licensed in this country and has a deposit with the Government at Ottawa for the sole protection of Canadian policyholders. It is in a sound financial position and safe to insure with. All claims are readily collectable. At Dec. 31, 1944, the latest date for which Government figures are available, its total admitted assets in Canada were $334,862, while its total liabilities in this country amounted to $181,377, showing a surplus of assets in Canada over liabilities in Canada of $153,485. The gross amount of fire insurance premiums written by the company in Canada in 1944 was $364,416, and the net amount, $170,604. The gross amount of automobile insurance premiums written was $83,288, and the net amount, $44,809. Thus the total net written premiums for the year were $209,083.

BELLETERRE QUEBEC MINES, LIMITED
(No Personal Liability)

Dividend No. 3

Notice is hereby given that a dividend of ten cents (10c) per share in Canadian currency will be paid on September 14, 1946, to shareholders of record at the close of business August 30, 1946.

By Order of the Board.

W. B. Dix,
Treasurer

Dated at Toronto, August 19, 1946.

PRESTON EAST DOME MINES, LIMITED
(No Personal Liability)

DIVIDEND NO. 28.

NOTICE is hereby given that a dividend of one and one-half (1½c) cents per share has been declared on the issued Capital Stock of the Company, payable in Canadian funds October 15th, 1946, to shareholders of record at the close of business on the 14th day of September, 1946.

By Order of the Board.

L. I. HALL,
Secretary.

Toronto, August 21st, 1946.

NOTICE OF DIVIDEND

Famous Players Canadian Corporation
Limited

NOTICE is hereby given that a dividend of Fifteen Cents (15c) per share for the quarter ending September 30th, 1946, has been declared on all issued common shares of the Company, said dividend to be paid on Saturday, the 21st day of September, 1946, to shareholders of record Saturday, the 7th day of September, 1946.

By order of the Board.

N. G. BARROW,
Secretary

TORONTO, August 20th, 1946.

THE WESTERN SAVINGS AND LOAN ASSOCIATION
HEAD OFFICE—WINNIPEG, MANITOBA

BRANCH OFFICES:

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211A EIGHTH AVE. W. — CALGARY, ALBERTA
McCALLUM HILL BLDG. — REGINA, SASK.
407 AVENUE BUILDING — SASKATOON, SASK.
1 ROYAL BANK BUILDING — BRANDON, MAN.

THE Casualty Company of Canada
HEAD OFFICE - TORONTO

AGENCY OPPORTUNITIES
IN SOME TERRITORIES THROUGHOUT CANADA

E. D. GOODERHAM, President — A. W. EASTMURE, Managing Director

Inquiries Invited . . .

If you are considering the purchase or sale of a certain security, ask us for facts about the Company's operations, obligations and earnings. We will give you all the available information and so assist you in reaching a decision. No obligation involved, of course.

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Basil O'Connor, chairman of the Board of Governors of the League of Red Cross Societies, is shown (left) chatting with members of the Russian delegation at the chairman's reception for delegates to the League Convention at Oxford, England. The Russians are Professor M. Sarkisov (centre), and Dr. M. Kolesnikov, head of the Soviet group.

News of the Mines

(Continued from Page 31)

first quarter of the current year. Net income for the period was $466,817, or the equivalent of 58 cents per share, as compared with $580,064, or 73 cents per share for the like period of last year. Gross income was $1,687,890 as against $1,692,102 a year ago, a decrease of only $4,221. Costs however, advanced $109,035 from $1,112,038 to $1,221,073 in the quarter under review.

•

Orlac Red Lake Mines reports satisfactory progress in shaft-sinking and anticipates that the objective of 525 feet will be reached before the middle of September. This is the only new shaft-sinking operation that has been able to get under way as yet in the Red Lake area, due to lack of machinery, equipment and labor. The second level station at 350 feet was cut early in August.

•

W. P. Mackle, managing director of Lauder Red Lake Gold Mines, located in Balmer township, in the Red Lake area, southeast of Cochenour Willans, Campbell and Dickenson, is being started currently. The program which is to probe what is believed to be the southeasterly extension of one of the most productive synclines of the Cochenour Willans mine, will aggregate about 20,000 feet of drilling.

•

A possible ore body striking northeast from Cochenour Willans Gold Mines and across the corner of the Richmac property, on to the McMarmac, has been revealed by the extensive campaign of development work by way of diamond drilling magnetometer survey and surface trenching, states A. C. McLean, president, in the annual report of McMarmac Red Lake Gold Mines. The magnetometer survey has shown a continuance of this formation running north-east and north of the previous workings. Further surface drilling is being done with the hope of extending the now known ore shoot. Diamond drilling to the southwest on a known band of sediments has shown the possibilities of ore being encountered in the vicinity of the fault shown by the magnetometer. The mine has been dewatered to the 2nd level and underground drilling has commenced. The balance sheet as of April 30th, 1946 shows current assets of $57,455 against current liabilities of $31,493.

•

In an interim report on the Cathroy Larder Mines, Colin S. Johnston, consulting engineer, states that drifting is proceeding eastward on the 520 drift in the new area on the 500-foot level; westward on the 220 drift in the "E" zone of the 250-foot level and westward on the 512 drift in the "E" zone on the 500-foot level. The 520 drift, he reports, has advanced 165 feet with "most encouraging results." In the 220 drift westward on the 250-foot level in the "E" zone the work has now advanced a distance of 80 feet. Average values for this distance were .28 oz. over full drift width of five feet. The 512 drift has been carried a distance of 640 feet. The mineralization is considerably finer in this drift, well silicified and with some visible gold in evidence. Greater widths (up to 22 feet) are being encountered but values at the moment are somewhat less than elsewhere. Mr. Johnston expresses himself as well pleased with the way the 520 drift is responding.

•

Leitch Gold Mines reported new high records for production and tonnage milled in the quarter ending June 30. Output for the period was valued at $244,082 and tonnage milled totalled 7,725 tons, compared with $266,031 and 6,671 tons for the previous quarter, and with $168,274 and 4,936 tons for the second quarter of 1945. Average recovery of $31.59 was slightly below $33.88 a ton for the three months ending March 31, 1946, and $34.09 a ton for the similar period a year ago. Bullion produced of $470,113 and tonnage of 14,396 tons for the six months ended June 30 were well above the $332,053 and 9,911 tons for the first half of 1945, while grade was 84 cents a ton lower at $32.66 a ton.

•

Beattie Gold Mines, in Duparquet township, Quebec, resumed production early this month on a limited scale. The mill at Beattie has been closed down for the past three years as a consequence of flooding of the large open pit and workings in the main part of the mine by a slide of mud and debris. While the mill is presently operating considerably under capacity it is hoped that the rate by fall can be increased to 1,000 tons a day. The material being treated is coming from stock piles built up since 1943. A large portion of this is from development work in the Donchester part of the workings, where a better grade of ore is expected than from the original sector. The grade for the time being is likely however, to be lower than that expected in the future as considerable waste is included.

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Company Reports

Eagle Star

CONTINUED increase in business and financial strength marked the progress during 1945 of the Eagle Star Insurance Company of London, Eng. with Canadian head office at Toronto. The premium income in the fire, marine, employers' liability, accident, motor and general departments increased from $15,979,573 to $19,121,360, while the premium income in the life department increased from $10,781,747 to $12,950,855. The general reserve fund increased from $14,599,800 to $15,000,000. The paid-up capital increased from $16,303,110 to $16,750,000. The balance in the profit and loss account increased from $3,539,074 to $5,492,610. The life assurance and annuity funds increased from $90,418,498 to $102,046,395. The sinking fund and capital redemption fund increased from $5,105,900 to $5,812,975. The fire insurance fund increased from $1,907,590 to $2,326,740. The accident, employers' liability, motor and general insurance funds increased from $5,666,868 to $7,106,765, and the marine insurance fund increased from $3,972,707 to $3,959,455. Apart from the uncalled capital of $10,283,090, the total resources of the company at Dec. 31, 1945, amounted to $158,494,940, as compared with $141,513,549 at the end of the previous year.

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FIRE • CASUALTY • MARINE

EAGLE STAR
INSURANCE COMPANY LIMITED
OF LONDON, ENGLAND

RESOURCES OF THE COMPANY
As at 31st December, 1945

Paid-up Capital	$ 16,750,000.00
General Reserve Capital	15,000,000.00
Profit and Loss Account	5,492,610.00
Life Assurance and Annuity	102,046,395.00
Sinking Fund and Capital Redemption Fund	5,812,975.00
Fire Insurance Fund	2,326,740.00
Accident, Employers' Liability, Motor and General Insurance Funds	7,106,765.00
Marine Insurance Fund	3,959,455.00
	$158,494,940.00
Uncalled Capital	10,283,090.00
	$168,778,030.00

PREMIUM INCOME

Fire, Marine, Employers' Liability, Accident, Motor and General Departments	$19,121,360.00
Life, Annuity, Etc.	12,950,855.00
	$32,072,215.00

Based on $5.00 to the £.

Head Office for Canada: 217 Bay St., Toronto
J. H. RIDDEL, Manager for Canada
R. HOLROYDE, Assistant Mgr.
BRANCH OFFICES — WINNIPEG, CALGARY, VANCOUVER.

Silverwood Dairies, Limited

PREFERRED DIVIDEND NO. 21

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that the regular semi-annual dividend of twenty cents (.20c) per share has been declared on the outstanding Preferred Shares of the Company, payable Oct. 1, 1946, to shareholders of record at the close of business, August 31, 1946.

CLASS "A" DIVIDEND NO. 1

NOTICE IS ALSO GIVEN that a dividend of thirty cents (.30) per share has been declared on the outstanding Class "A" Shares of the Company, payable October 1, 1946, to Class "A" shareholders of record, August 31, 1946.

In case any holder of the former common shares of the Company (which by Supplementary Letters Patent bearing date the 20th day of June, 1946, were reclassified into one Class "A" and one Class "B" share without nominal or par value for each common share) has failed to deposit his common share certificate with the Registrar or Transfer Agent of the Company for exchange and conversion into Class "A" and Class "B" shares, then the dividend shall be payable to the common shareholder of record as of the 31st day of August, 1946, upon such common shareholder depositing his common share certificate for exchange and conversion into Class "A" and Class "B" shares.

BY ORDER OF THE BOARD
J. H. GILLIES.
SECRETARY-TREASURER.

LONDON, ONTARIO,
21st August, 1946.

Sicks'
BREWERIES LIMITED

DIVIDEND NOTICE

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that a Quarterly Dividend (No. 69) of 15 cents per share on the No Par Value Common shares of the Company, issued and outstanding, has been declared payable on the 30th day of September, 1946, to Shareholders of record at the close of business on the 30th day of August, 1946.

By Order of the Board,
I. N. WILSON,
Comptroller.

CALGARY, Alberta,
August 19th, 1946.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY COMPANY

DIVIDEND NOTICE

At a meeting of the Board of Directors held today a dividend of two per cent. (fifty cents per share) on the Ordinary Capital Stock in respect of the year 1946 was declared payable in Canadian funds on October 1, 1946, to Shareholders of record at 3 p.m. on August 26, 1946.

By order of the Board.
FREDERICK BRAMLEY,
Secretary.
Montreal, August 12, 1946.

THE WESTERN ASSURANCE COMPANY
Incorporated 1851
FIRE, MARINE, AUTOMOBILE, CASUALTY AND AVIATION INSURANCE

BOARD OF DIRECTORS

E. A. BROWNELL
President of the Company

HERBERT C. COX
Chairman of the London Board, Canada Life Assurance Company

WILFRID M. COX, K.C.
Barrister, etc.

W. J. HASTIE
Vice-President, Central Canada Loan & Savings Company
Director, National Trust Company Limited

S. H. LOGAN
Chairman of the Board, Canadian Bank of Commerce
Director, Imperial Life Assurance Company

HON. LEIGHTON McCARTHY, P.C., K.C., LL.D.
Director, Canada Life Assurance Company
Director, The Bank of Nova Scotia

W. E. MEIKLE
Vice-President, Osler, Hammond & Nanton Limited

GEO. A. MORROW
President, Central Canada Loan & Savings Company
Vice-President, Canadian Bank of Commerce

GRAHAM MORROW, O.B.E.
Director, Toronto Savings & Loan Company
Director, Imperial Life Assurance Company

SIR GEORGE B. MORTON, O.B.E., M.C.
Senior Resident Partner, Bird & Co.
Calcutta, India

W. M. O'CONNOR
President, National Trust Company Limited
Director, Central Canada Loan & Savings Company

K. M. PRINGLE
President, Dominion Securities Corporation Limited

G. STUBINGTON
Vice-President and Managing Director

KENNETH THOM
General Manager of the Company

HENRY J. WYATT
Director, Marine Midland Trust Co. of N.Y.

FINANCIAL POSITION DECEMBER 31, 1945

Assets
$16,015,082.00

Liabilities to the Public
$10,087,972.00

Capital
$1,400,000.00

Surplus above Capital
$4,527,110.00

Losses paid since organization
$145,045,361.00

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Vancouver Is Applying a New Idea in Toys

By DOROTHY LIVESAY

An experiment in the use of play equipment is being carried out in Vancouver. The Board of the West End Community Centre provides and loans educational play equipment to cooperative play schools, other community centres and even private families. Two returned servicemen have started a woodworking factory for making this equipment from toy blueprints approved by the University of Toronto's Institute of Child Study.

"HELPING parents keep up with the times" might be the slogan of the new project recently launched in Vancouver — constructive toy building.

The Board of the West End Community Centre, not wishing to disband when its object of establishing a neighborhood house was attained, decided to use its resources in providing and loaning educational play equipment to cooperative play schools, new community centres, private kindergartens and, finally, individual families.

Heretofore there had been no woodworking firms with the time nor the interest to undertake such work. But luckily for the project, the end of the war brought home veterans who had young children of their own: Jim Crystal and his friend, McBean. By a friend they were introduced to Miss M. Elizabeth Keeling, former secretary of the West End Board. When she learned about the plans of these two to start up a woodworking business in home and garden equipment, Miss Keeling persuaded them to take blueprints of toys used by the Institute of Child Study, Toronto.

In no time at all the first demonstration set gaily awaited its tour of the town. It was on view at the last P.T.A. convention, then at the Parents' Institute, Victoria. Parts of the equipment — the see-saw, the slide, the many-shaped blocks—have been loaned to mothers' cooperative groups in New Westminster and Vancouver. There they demonstrate the value of this material to those primarily concerned with children — the parents.

Behind the Times

And parents today have been behind the times! They have forgotten how fast the world has moved from pioneer days, from communities in which children could see where the milk came from, where the bread came from — farms where even four-and-five-year-olds could pump the water from the well, saw the wood for the fire, churn the cream into butter, or help render the fat for tallow. Children who saw so closely how people lived, and who helped in making the conditions for living, did not need other play equipment. The saw-horse and lumber pile satisfied their interest in building. Hammers and nails were always handy. Children would dig their own gardens, make their own mud pies on the side, sail bits of wood in the water trough.

But what have we given our modern city bred children to work with, to replace all these essential interests? How many parents have even a sandpile or a swing? How many parents provide a saw and a hammer and lumber for pre-school boys and girls? Are we raising synthetic children, for whom everything comes out of a store? For whom even a puddle of water is taboo, because "they might get dirty"?

Children with no creative, constructive interests are, at best dull children; — at worst, they are pre-delinquents. They turn their energies to destructive outlets. They smash windows and climb other people's fences.

Happily not all children today need go in that direction. The many cooperative play schools, where mothers of pre-school children take turns together in letting their yard and equipment be used for every child in the block, are one first answer to that. If the community as a whole does not provide for the needs of small children, if school playgrounds are not adequately equipped, at least small groups are doing something about it. And now that the best possible play materials are available and can be purchased at a reasonable rate from the West End Community Centre Board, play groups, kindergartens and individual parents are rallying to use them. Moreover, Miss Keeling has also in operation a loan plan, whereby equipment may be borrowed for a month or six weeks by any cooperative group interested.

The value of this equipment? Its real worth can only be seen by watching actual groups of children build a house, or a store, or a shipyard, working together, taking turns, even the shy ones with a suggestion to offer. Given hollow outdoor blocks, all sizes, two or three long sturdy but light planks, two saw-horses — and a new world is built up. Later, given newsprint, and chalks or poster paint, that same world will appear in color, livened by each child's individual approach.

Indoor Yard

For smaller children, the indoor equipment includes color cones, wooden puzzles, pyramids, wooden trees, houses and farm animals. In addition there are the usual small wheel toys, trains, trucks, and boats, etc., which all children love.

As well as giving their children access to this educational play material, parents can also keep up with the times by choosing the sort of books which describe the life we live. And best of all, they can take small children on excursions to see the wheat in the granaries, the reservoirs of water and power, or to visit a farm at milking time. Then the child can return to his own play world with concrete experiences to put to use. Constructive toys are his tools.

Vancouver children working with special educational play equipment.

While he plays, he learns. While he expresses himself, he begins to understand the need for getting along with his neighbor.

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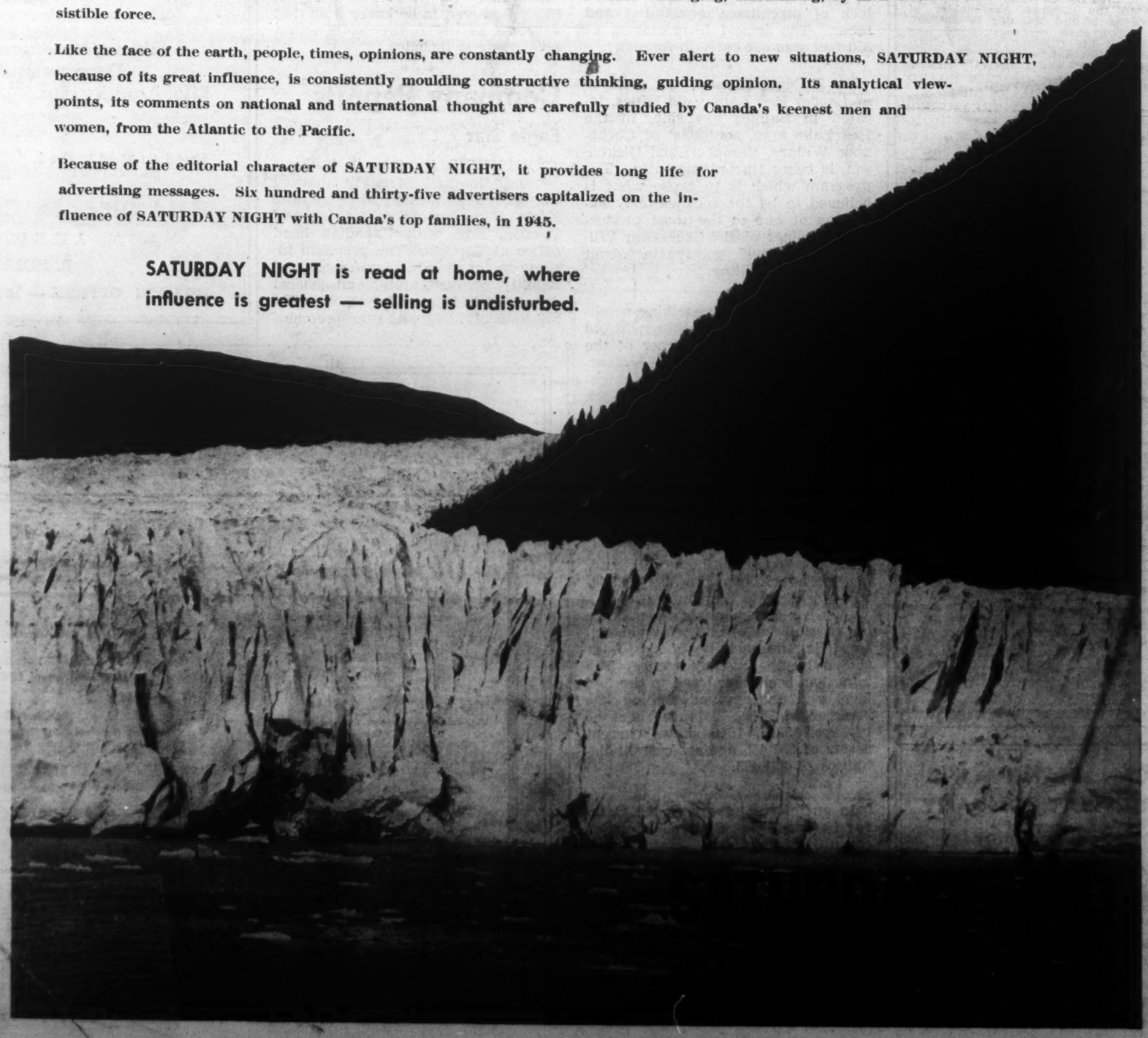
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